

THE  
**MIRROUR**  
WHICH  
**FLATTERS NOT.**

Concerning the contempt of  
the World, or the Meditation of  
Death; of *Philip King of Macedon,*  
*Saladine, Adrian, and Alex-*  
*ander the Great.*

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By  
Le Sieur de la SERRE, Historio-  
grapher of FRANCE.

Transcribed ENGLISH from the  
FRENCH, by T. Cary, Esq.

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Horat.

*Omnem credo Diem tibi diluxisse Supremum.*

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LONDON, Printed by E. T. and R. H.  
for R. Thrale, and are to be sold under St. Mar-  
tin Outwich Church in Bishops-Gate-street  
near the Post-house, 1673.

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THE  
DESIGN  
OF THE  
FRONTISPICE.

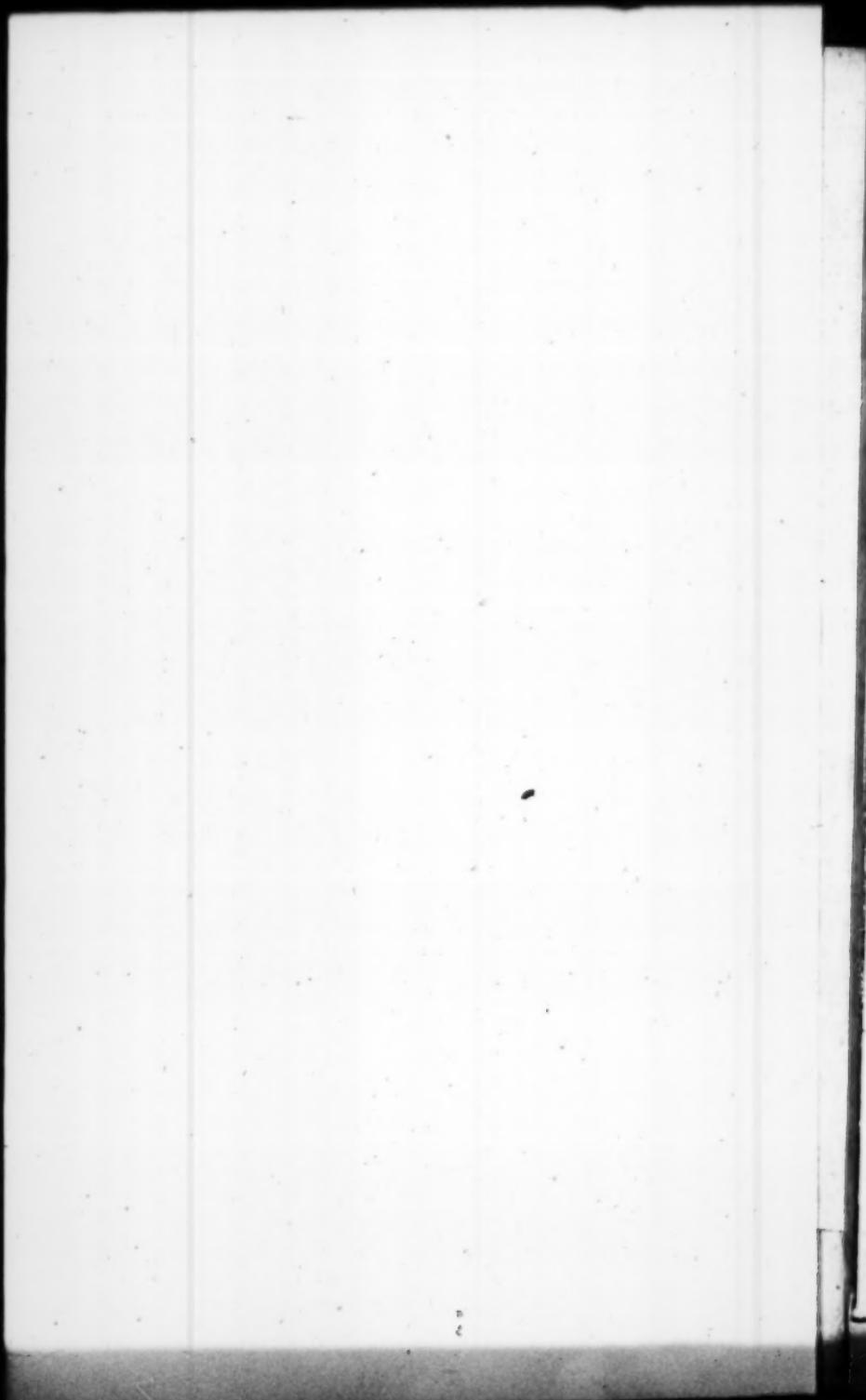
**L**O, DEATH invested in a Robe of Ermine,  
Triumphant sits, embellished with Vermine,  
Upon a Pile of dead men's skulls; her Throne,  
Pell-mell subduing all, and sparing none.  
A scrutinous judgement will the Type resent,  
You may imagine, 'Tis DEATH's Parliament.  
Upon the World its pow'rfull Foot doth tread,  
For, all the world, or is, or shall be dead.  
One hand the Scepter, t' other holds our Mirrour,  
In countefie to shew poor flesh its errour:  
If men forget themselves, It tells' em home,  
They're Dust and Ashes, All to this must come.  
To view their fate herein, some will forbear,  
Who waue all thought of Death as too severe:  
But know, Death's (though't be unknown how ne)  
A Point, on which depends ETERNITY,  
Either to live Crown'd with perpetual Bliss,  
Or howl tormented in Hell's dark Abyss.  
With winged haste our brittle lives do pass,  
As runs the gliding Sand i'th' Hour-glaſs.

If more you would, continue on your Look  
No more upon the Title, but the Book.



**THIS CHART W  
FIRST CHART  
AT THE END O**

**HART WILL BE THE  
CHART APPEARING  
END OF THIS FILM.**



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L 33<sup>rd</sup> TO THE

# K I N G

## Of GREAT BRITAIN.

SIR,

**I**F the Greatness of Kings derive its value and lustre from the number of Vertues which they possess; I render you now the homage of my observance and submissions, as to one of the great'st Monarchs of the World, since you are the Majesty of all Vertues together. What an agreeable compulsion is this, to see a man's self powerfully forced to become the subject of a forrain Prince, by the sovereign authority of his merit? To this point am I reduced, SIR: Your all royal perfections impose upon me so absolutely such sweet laws of servitude, that I have no more liberty, but to accept its yoak. And in this, my inclination and duty make a fresh injunction

over me, which dispute preheminence  
with all the rest : for who can keep him-  
self from rendering homage to your Ma-  
jesty, the onely fame of whose Renown  
captivates through all the Universe ;  
instructing us, that you are as absolute  
over your Passions, as over your Sub-  
jects ; and that you reign, as Sovereign  
in the esteem of men, as in your Royal  
Estates : And the truth of this sets your  
glory at so high a worth, that the felici-  
ty on't may perhaps be envied you ;  
but the like Merit not to be reacht by o-  
thers, because Nature is very sparing of  
the like gifts, and Heaven does not eve-  
ry day such miracles. For me, I am but  
one of the Admirers, not of the great-  
ness of your Dominion (although on-  
ly the vast extent of the Ocean marks  
out its limits) but of all the divine qua-  
lities which you only posseſſ in proper as  
a Good, which Time, Fate, nor Death  
can take from you. Nor is this the all in  
all, to be Wise, Valiant, and Generous,  
in the height of Native deduction ; All  
these

these Titles of Honour have degrees of eminence, which mark out to us the gradations of their several perfections, and whereof your Majesty shews us now the only pattern, having in possession all admirable Vertues; with so much purity and lustre, as dazles its very enviers, and forces them to adore that in your Majesty, which elsewhere they admire not. And it is my belief, that you stand thus unparallel'd even amongst your semblables, since besides the Crowns of your Cradle, you carry above them others, and such as shall exempt you from the Grave. I avow, that I have studied long time to speak condignely of your Majesty; but although my pains and watchings are equally unprofitable, my defect yet is still glorious howsoever, that it is a shadow from your Light. It sufficeth me to have taken Pen in hand, to publish only, that I am,

SIR,

Your MAJESTIES

Most humble, and most  
obeyfant Servant;

P. de la SERRE.

---

---

TO THE  
**QUEEN**  
OF GREAT  
**BRITAIN.**

**MADAM,**

**I** Could not *approach*, but with a *MIRROR* in my *band*, before your *Majesty*; the *splendour* of whose *magnificence* dazles so powerfully all the *world*, that I am not able to behold the *immediate presence* of it, but by the *reflection* of its *Rayes*. Without *fiction*, **MADAM**, Your *Glory* is arrived to the *point* of *rendring* your *perfections* so *unknown*, as being so *above the Commune*, that I believe most men *honour* you now by *observance* and *example* only, as not able otherwise to *reach* the *depth* of the *just reasons* they might have for it. Nor is this *All*, to say that you are *solely fair*, and *perfectly chaste*; but it is *necessary*, beyond all *this*, to *intimate secretly*, in the *Language of Thought*, all the *divine qualities* which you *possess* of *Supereminence* in all *things*, since their *parity* cannot descend to the *capacity* of our

our discourse, without suffering a kind of profanation. From hence is it, that if I should call you, *The compleatly-perfect*, I might well say in effect that which you are ; but never thus should I represent the greatness of your merits, since every of them in it self has such particular perfections, as might challenge *Altars* from us, if your humility could permit it : These are such *Truths* (*M A D A M*) as hinder me from praising your Majesty, not knowing how to express my self condignly. Well might I perhaps suggest it to remembrance, that your particular inclinations are the publick *Vertues* which we adore ; and that of the same temperament of humour, *Nature* composed heretofore the *Sages* of the world : But of all these discourses notwithstanding, I cannot frame one only praise sufficiently adequate to your worb, seeing it is elevated beyond all *Eulogiums*. Insomuch, that if *Admiration* it self teach not a new *Language* to posterity, wherein to proclaim aloud the favours and graces wherewith Heaven hath accomplish'd you ; it must content it self, to reverende your *Name*, and adore your *Memo-ry*, without presumption of speech of your actions, as being ever above all *valuation*, as well as *imitation*. To instance the immortallity of your *AUGUSTICK Race*, al-

though it be a pure *Source of Honour*, which can never be dried up; yet all these *Titles* of a *Kings Daughter, Sister, and Wife*, can never add to your *Renown*, which derives its *value* rather from the *admirabilities* of your *Life*, than the *greatness* of your *Birth*. Inso-much (*MADAM*) that the *Scepters* and *Crowns* of your *Royalties*, are the *meanest* *Ornaments* wherewith your *Majesty* can *deck* it self; since the *least* *glimpse* of the *least* of your *Actions*, dusks the *lustre* of all the *other magnificences*, which environ you. And I believe, had those *Wonders of the World* been of such a *worth*, as every day you *deservy*, they had powerfully *resisted* against the *assaults* of *Ages*: but as they had nothing *admirable* in them, but the *Name*, *Memorials* have *preserved* *that*, and let *them perish*. But yours (*MADAM*) which are *too perfect* for a *sutable Name*, shall not cease to *survive* the *revolutions* of *Times*, as being *enlivened* by *Vertue*, which alone can *exempt* from *Death*. Let it not seem *strange* then, if I hazard the *perils* of the *Sea*, to *render Homage* to a *Queen*, whose *Greatness* *perforce* *bumbles* the *most arrogant spirits*, being *not able*, *so much as in thought*, to *reach* to the *first degree* of her *Glory*. The *Graces* *themselves are hers*, and the *VERITUES* *have*

have allied their own and her Name ; and all the adorable qualities which are found here below, are admirable in her alone, as in their Source. I am constrained to be silent ; ( *MADAM* ) being over-charged with too much subject of speech. The number of your Perfections astonishes me, the greatness of your Merit ravishes me, the splendour of your *Vertue* dazles me : And in this *dazzle*, this *transport*, this excess of *admiration*, wherein my *senses* and *spirits* are all alike engaged ; I am compelled to cast my self at the feet of your *Majesty*, and demand *pardon* of the boldness which I assume only to enjoy the *stile* of,

*MADAM,*

*Your MAJESTIES*

*most bumble, and most*

*obedient Servant,*

*R. de la SERRE.*

---

---

TO THE  
QUEEN  
OF  
GREAT BRITAIN.

Upon the  
*MIRROUR*  
*Which Flatters not, Of le Sieur de la  
SERRE.*

---

*S O N N E T.*

Princess, this perverse Age's glorious gemm,  
Whose least of Vertues seems a prodigie;  
Illustrious Sien, of the fairest Stemm,  
That Heaven e're shew'd this Universe's eye;  
Though Fate with thousand hind'rances averse,  
Barrs me the place, to which my duty's bent:  
I cannot cheer my Soul from self-torment,  
But by design to pourtray you in Verse.  
But since that Serres shew's in this true Mirrour  
The Vertues of your Mind's eternal splendour,  
As lively as your Body's beautious measure,  
My bid to view you here less others pass;  
So well I here agnize all your rare treasure,  
That I ne're saw a better Crystal-glass.

*Bath S'r. C.*

*To*

---

# To the AUTHOR, upon the same Subject.

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## STANZA'S.

**D**IVINE Spirit, knowing Soul,  
Which with lovely sweet controul  
Rank'ſt our Souls those good rules under,  
Whicb thy Pen lays down with wonder,  
Whilſt the sweetnes of thy Voice  
Breathes oracular sacred noise.

All thy Works so well esteem'd  
Through Europe, proofs are deem'd  
Of thy Gifts, which all admire,  
Which ſuch Trophies thee acquire.  
And with these thy Muse invested,  
Orpheus is by thee out-creſted.

Also ſince blind Ignorance  
Makes no more abode in France,  
Seldome can we meet with ſuch,  
As the works of thy sweet i'uch :  
Such immortal strains of ſpirit,  
As do thouſand Laurels merit.

But alibough thy active Muse  
Wonders did before produce,  
As we seldome see the like ;  
This doth with amazement strike :  
'Tis a Mirrour, that doth shine  
More with Fire, than Crystalline.

'Tis a Mirrour never flatters,  
On my eyes such rayes it scatters,  
That therewith I daz'ld am,  
Searching for thee in the same,  
By some charm, or stranger case,  
I see thy spirit, not thy face.

This strange fashion doth amaze me,  
When I (ne're so little) gaze me,  
I am straight all on a fire,  
The more I look, more I admire :  
'Tis a Mirrour sure of flame,  
Sparkling, more we mark the same.

Yet not every prying eye  
Shall it self herein espie ;  
'Tis not for so commune use,  
Free from flattering abuse ;  
None so clearly here are seen,  
As King Charles, and his fair Queen.

These

---

Therefore thus the Author meant,  
To the World it to present ;  
Since it is a thing so rare,  
And unparalleled fair ;  
That it should a Tablet be  
For the fairest he could see.

Serres, this thy work-man-ship  
Doth my spirit over-strip,  
With such judgement, and such grace,  
Thou do'st shew in little space  
Three strange Wonders, without errour,  
Two bright Suns in one clear Mirrour.

And by this thy rare composition,  
Shall thy Name, beyond enclosure  
Of this present Age, obtain  
Eternal honour for thy pain :  
Writing to these Princes Graces,  
Thou art prais'd in thousand places.

Par le même.

Upon

## Upon the Book.

### SONNET.

**H**ere, undisguis'd, is seen in this ~~true~~  
Mirror,

The glory, or the shame of mortal story,  
As Reason, or the mis-led senses errour,  
Do win the day, or yield the Victory :  
Serres doth here lively delineate  
Our every dayes vain wretched passages,  
And what is destin'd after Funeral state,  
To innocent pureness, or black wickedness.  
Such diverse subjects in this one enclosed,  
Such various objects to the view exposed.  
Thou little Monarch, Man, small Universe,  
Thy Soul it lessons thus, and thee informs :  
As thou art Soul, with heavenly fires converse,  
As thou art flesh, thou art a Bait for worms.

**A** Morallize on these, Sieur Serres writes,  
Nor Comick Jests, nor amorous toys entices,  
Their Paphian Dames whil'st others loosely sing,  
The Knell of Death his solemn style doth ring :  
Those subjects, which whole heards of Poets use  
Thread-bare, his nobler Soul despairs to chuse :  
While richly such a Reader these will fit,  
Whose judgment prizeth wisdome above wit.

To

TO THE  
READER.

**I**T may, perhaps, seem strange, that I treat so often in my Works of the same matter, as of the contempt of the World, and Meditations of Death: But if the importance of the Subject be considered, and the profit to be derived thence, a Man will never be weary of seeing such fair truths under different presentations. Besides, the Conceptions of spirit upon the same matter, are like the productions of Nature in the Species's of Tulips: Every year she gives a Change, both to their Colour, and Array. And though they be still Tulips, she renders them so different from their first resemblance, that they can hardly otherwise be known, but by the name. The Mind does the same, upon the same subject; its Fancies, which are its ornature, and embellishment, render it by their diversity so different from it self, that it is hardly known, but by the Titles, which it bears, to particularize each conceit. So that if once again I represent unto thee the pourtraint of Vanity, and the Image of Death, my Spirit, which bath steaded me for Pencil, and Colouring

ing in this Work, bath rendred it so rare in its Novelty, and so excellent in difference from those which have preceded, that thou shalt find nothing in it commune with them, but my name. Thou mayest consider moreover, that I dedicate Books to Kings and Queens not every day; and that these objects of such eminent magnificence do so nobly rouze the faculties of my Soul, that I could not have petty thoughts for such high Personages. It is that, which, without ostentation, makes me believe, that if thou buy once again this Book, and tak'st the pains to read it, thou wilt regret neither the Time, nor Money, which thou shalt employ therewith. Adieu.

If thou beest of so good an humour, to pardon the Faults, excuse those of the Impression.

The

# The Scope addrest to the SERIOUS.

Let merrier Spleens read *Lazarill*, or  
laugh  
At *Sancho Pancho*, or the *Grapes-blood quaff*;  
And tickle up their *Lungs* with interlace  
Of *Tales*, and *Toyes*, that furrow up the face  
With wrinckling *Smiles*: But if they *abusive*  
be  
To slight *these hints* of their *Mortality*,  
Urg'd by our *Author*; 'tis a *foolish way*,  
And weakly does become *corruptive Clay*.  
If they do meerly *carp*, and lye o'th' *catch*,  
*Harm be to them, that only for harm watch*.  
*Solomon* said it, *The deriding scorns*  
*Of fools are but cracklings of flaming thorns*.  
Let them that will our *sober sadness* shun,  
Go to the *merry Devil of Edmonton*,  
Or some such *Plot*, whose *Author's drift* hath  
bin,  
To set the people on the *merry pin*:  
Here is no *Scope* for such as love to *jeer*,  
Nor have we *Theam* for *Panto-Mimicks* here.  
They that are *ravish'd* with each *jigging Toy*,  
Let'em *laugh on*, and *jolly mirth* enjoy.

Fairly

---

Fairly be this a *warning*, here's no *sport*,  
And 'tis all one, if they be *sorry* for't,  
Or if they *care* not. Sit they *merry* then,  
Hete's for the *Genius* of more *solid men*.  
*Serres* salutes the *serious*; who are such,  
Their better-moulded *intrals* he doth twich  
With stirring *truths*, and weigh'em to the  
poize

Of equal *judgement*, without *gigling* noise.  
Sad *Meditations* here compose the *Look*,  
*Socratick*-like, which no *flash-humour* shook;  
*Dust*, *Earth*, and *Ashes* are the *Epibites*  
Here proprieate to the *best*; and all the *Sights*  
Expos'd in this *True Mirror* to the *Eye*,  
Are *Death*, the *Grave*, and the *World's* *Va-*  
*nity*,  
The *frailty* of *mankind*; and, some have  
try'd,  
Such *pensive thoughts* will lay the *raft* of  
*Pride*.

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THE

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# THE PARAGRAPHS,

(So comprized in the *Emblems*)

giving subject to the *Autor's*  
Discourses following.

---

## I.

**P**HILIP, the King if Macedon  
Daily was rowz'd, and call'd upon  
By a shrill Page, whose Bon jour ran,  
Remember, SIR, you are a Man.

## II.

*A Shirt is all remains, in fine,*  
*To victorious Saladine,*  
*At Death, a piece of Linnen is*  
*All, that Great Monarch could call his.*

## III.

*Adrian flighis Triumphal glory,*  
*In the Grave founds his prime story,*  
*Before all pomp he doth prefer*  
*His Mausolean Sepulcher.*

## IV.

*Diogenes, in Cynick guise,*  
*Puts Alexander to surmife,*  
*Itb' Miscellany of the Dead,*  
*Whicb is a King's, or Common's Head.*

A  
PROLUSION  
Upon the EMBLEME  
*Of the first Chapter.*

**R**ise, for a serene *Morn* brings on the day,  
The *Sun* is mounted onward of his *way*,  
The *Ambyinne*'s high among the feather'd  
*Quires*,  
A lively breath the agile *Air* inspires.  
*Draw-ope the Curtains*, do not close the *Eye*  
From the *fresh beauties* of the *Azure-Skie*.  
Mark what a smart *Bon-jour* his *Page* did  
bring  
Each *Morn* to *Philip*, *Macedonia*'s King,  
**REMEMBER** (*Royal Sir*) **YOU ARE**  
**A MAN**,  
The *hours* are wing'd, the length of *life*'s a  
*span*.  
This pow'rful *hint* stirr'd up the *King* to  
*rise*,  
'hose name *Heroick deeds* immortalize.  
*Gross-vapour'd*, *heavy-headed sleepers* wake,  
In the bright *Morn* no more soft *slumbers*  
take:  
For

For *Action*, Man was made. Our *Life's a race*,  
He that would *win* the *Prize*, must *run a-*  
*pace*.

Be not enchanted with the lulling *Down*,  
That *charmes* the *senses* in *Lethargick Swoon*;  
Leave the *enclosure* of *Bed-Canopie*,  
And give the *view* more *spacious Liberty*:  
Forsake the *grave-type Couch*, where *Death*  
doth keep

His *nightly Sessions*, imaged by *Sleep*.  
He that's a *Dormouse* for the time is *dead*,  
And is *entomb'd* already in his *Bed*.  
Who knows how soon that *sheet*, whereon  
he *lies*,

May *single* serve t' *enwrap* him when he *dies*?  
How soon these *lazy feather-bedded bones*  
May *Coverlested* be with *Marble-stones*?  
Where no *joyns-suppling warmish* shall give  
*refresh*

To *high-fed veins*, nor *ease improved flesh*:  
Where those *pufft grossures*, which ore-cu-  
rious *soft*

Hath *surfet-swoln*, are *putrid*, and *lost*.  
Who would be *Epicurean*, since 'tis thus  
We that *eat* all *things else*, *worms* will *eat*  
*us*?

Or who would be o're-haughty, since to  
*Eritis*

He must *return*, as thence he had his *Birth*?  
Mean-

Mean-while, though life's quicksand doth  
hourly pass,  
A sluggard sleeps out more than half his  
Glass.

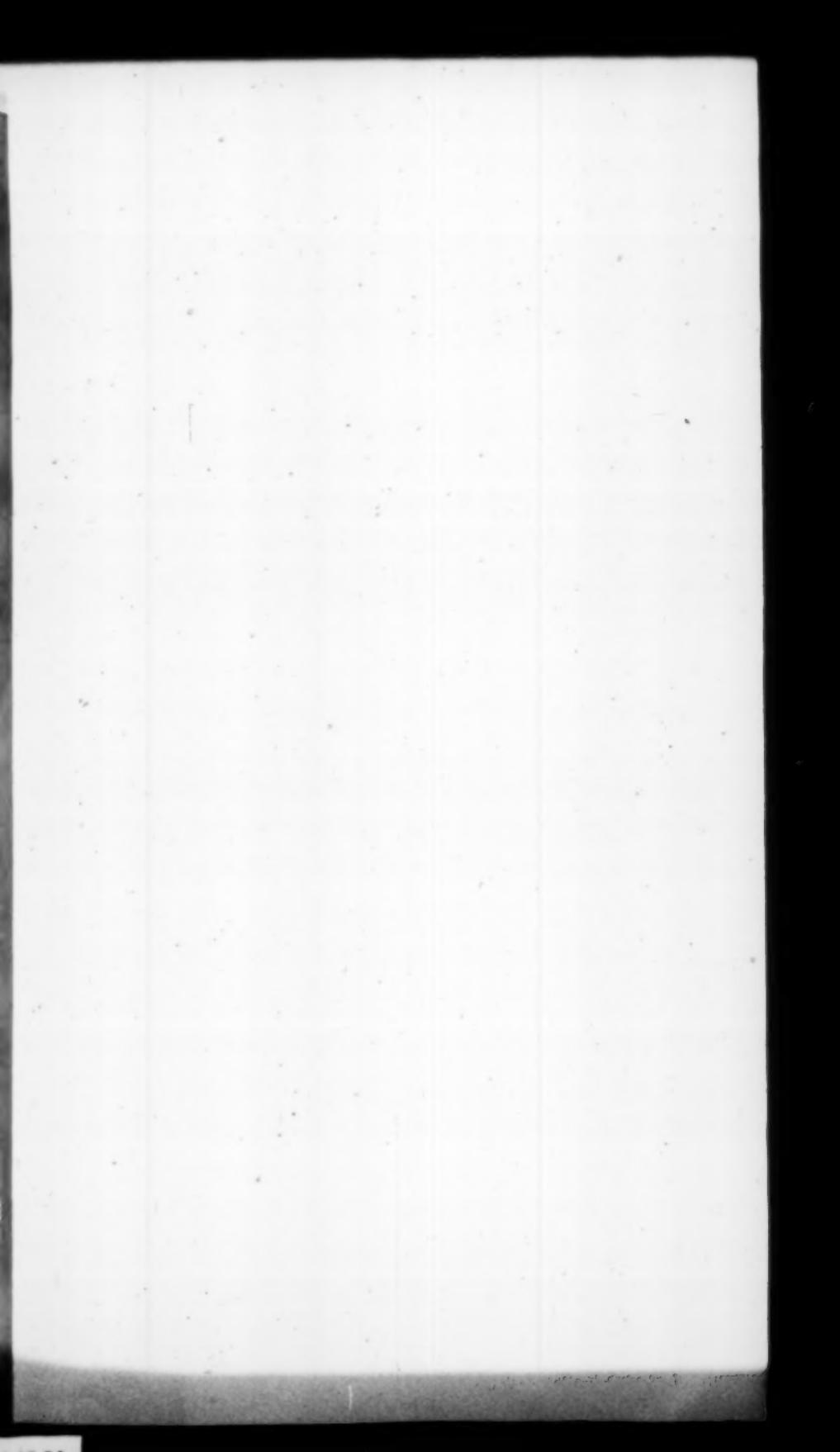
Be Active while you may, for Time's pos-  
taste  
Spurs on each forward Minute to the last.  
Such thoughts as these best fit the Morning's  
prime,

To Rouze Men's Spirits to Redeem the Time.  
Let such our Matters be, e're Death's sad  
Knell

Summon our wand'ring Souls to Heaven or  
Hell.

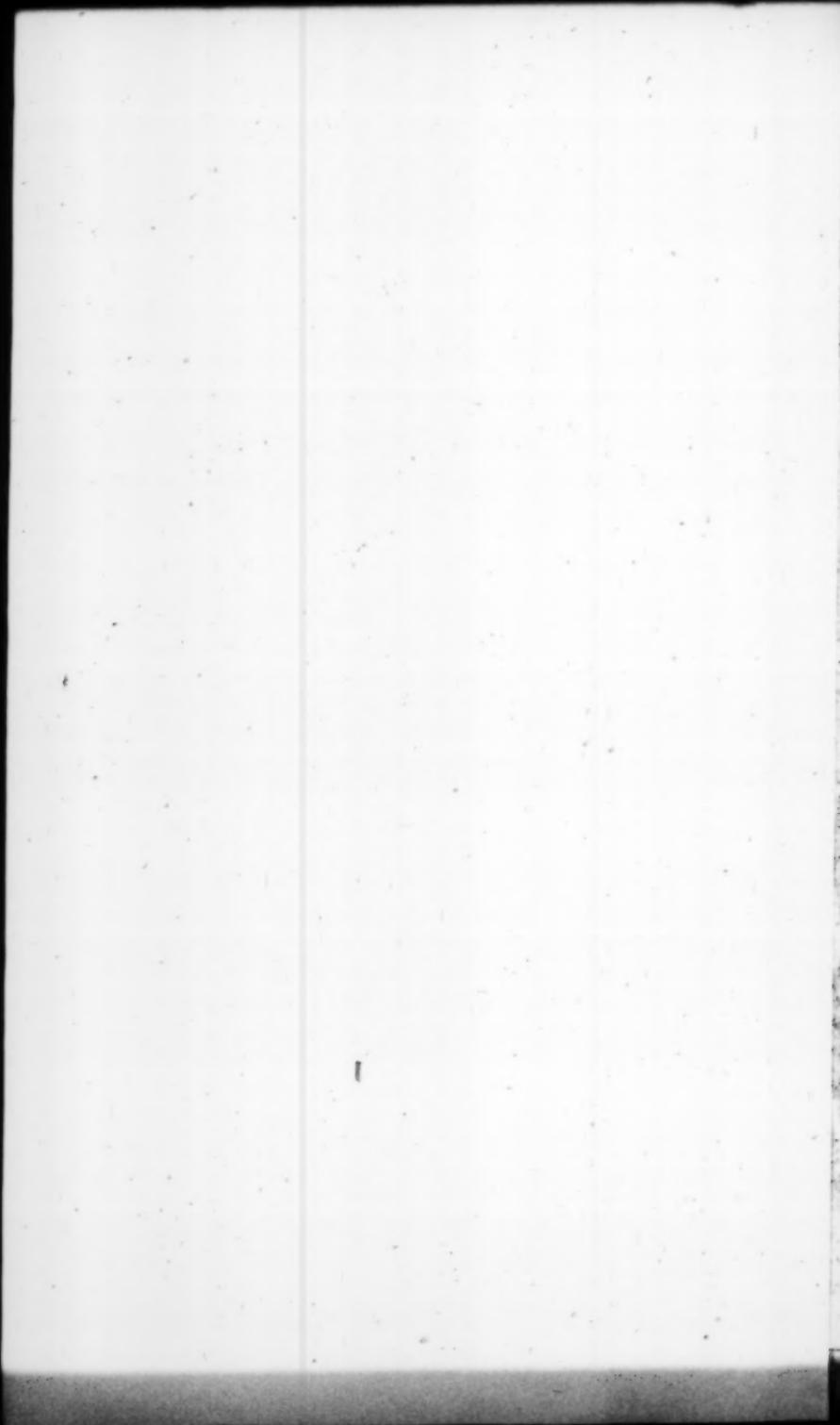
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THE  
M I R R O U R  
W H I C H  
F L A T T E R S N O T.

CHAP. I.

**M**AN, Remember thou art *Man*, never forget thy name, if thou wilt not forget thy safety : Thou *Homo ab humo* art called *Earth*, thou art made but of *Earth*; but the *Earth* subsists, and thou vanishest; but the *earth* remains firm, and thy dust flyes away : Study thy miseries, meditate thy disasters. Thou *Man is a thing of nothing, only in appearance somewhat.* art nothing in effect; but, if thou be any thing imaginable, I dare not so much as compare thee unto a Dream,

B because

2 The Mirrour which flatters not.

because the frailty of thy nature hath something both more feeble, and less constant : an Apparition hath above thee the simplicity of the Elements, whereof it is composed, a shadow implyes yet the advantage of the Nobleness of its beginning, since the light produceth it. Nay lastly, a very

*One cannot give the description of Man, but by misery, nor of misery but by Man.*

straw, or an Atome, dispute against thee also with reason, for the purity of substance, since they are corruptible, without infestation, but thy heap of filth gives horroure to thy own thoughts ; insomuch that I am constrained to match thee to thy Self, for to suggest thee the truth of thy flightness.

What a goodly School is the world ? and our condition a fair Book : and all the sad accidents, to which Nature subjects it, as so many gracious Lessons ?

May not a man justly lay that the earth is a Colledge, wherein the diversity of Times and Ages, sign out the diversity of Classics, in which we may equally make the course both of our studies and dayes, under the way of those miseries, which accompany us without cease : the poorness of our way of birth, may stead us as a Rument in the first Class : the cryes and tears of

of the cradle, are our Grammar : the creeping weakness, and and pitiful infirmitie of Boyage like so much Rhetorick : and now can there

*Mishaps and pains  
are the fruits of the  
garden of our life.*

be a more subtil Philosophy, than that of the consideration of the calamities which are destined to youth ? Is it not easie to become a great Naturalist by vertue of meditating the fruitfulness of our nature in the production both of ills, and pains, which continually afflict us ? and what better Metaphysicks, than contemplations of our Being, ever rowling to its ruine ? Let us draw

*He which goes out  
Doctor in the know-  
ledge of himself, is  
ignorant of nothing.*

then the conclusion of this Argument, and joyn with as much reason as interest to these two Volumes so renowned, the Bible, and the face of Heaven, where all sorts of Sciences are in their source. This also of our mortal and decaying nature, since it instructs us in the Art to pry our selves

*Death and immor-  
tality are only sepa-  
rated, but with the  
length of an In-  
stant.*

in our Corruptions, that we may recover our selves in immortality.

When I consider that *Man of nothing.* the Earth was created of nothing, and Man

4 *The Mirrour which flatters not.*

made of this nothing, and the greatnesses which environ him, are nothing at all, and

*The world subfifts not, but upon the foundation of its continual revolution.* all the pleasures which he idolatrizeth, are also of the same stiffe : I remain all confused with astonishment, nor ever able to

conceive the ſubjeſt of his vanity, nor the reaſon of his arrogance : poor corrupted

*A Vapour.* Vapour with advancing it ſelt, is soon transformed

into a Cloud, to conceal its noysomness,

*Man elevating himſelf too high, measures the depth of the Abymes of his Precipice.* but yet, by way of this elevation, is resolved into Lightnings and Thunder, and afterward retumbles

into the ditches from whence first it had its beginning. A puff of

*A Blaſt.* wind which rumbles in its own violence, angry per-

haps that it cannot ſublift, but in flying; and that the action of its continual flight,

*Smoak.* is the beginning of its ruine. A smoak, which

with a vain-attack will needs ſcale the Heavens, and yet hardly can one well diſtinguiſh the interval between its first Being

and Extinction : a poor glittering Worm which dazies none but pur-blind ſpirits,

and

and gives light to those worms, which devour it in private. A stream  
always murmuring, always drilling away. And now shall not all these  
goodly nullities, and all these pleasant *Chimera's*  
insinuate to us the vanity which they are  
of? shall these cozening appearances be sta-  
blisht here below with  
Soveraignty? be it then  
only in desire, or in dream;  
for with what gilded rind  
so ere they be out-sid'd,  
Corruption is their Form, and Dust their  
Matter.

*A worm.*

*We are already, but  
rotteness since al-  
ready worms be-  
gin to devour us.*

*A stream.*

*Every thing corrupt,  
the very eye which  
now reads these  
truths shall not be  
exempt.*

I am astonished that Man should be capable to mistake himself, even to the point of forgetting what he was, then, when he yet was not: what he is now, whilst he enjoys the beauty of the day; and what he must one day be at the Sun-set of his life: Assuredly yes, I am astonisht  
at it, since all created things may serve him for a *Mirrour* to contemplate therein, apparently, the verity of his miseries.

*Nature exhibits us  
so many Mirrours  
of Inconstancy, as she  
hath produc'd objects*

The Heavens, though whirling about  
B 3 with

## 6 The Mirrour which flatters not.

with a Motion, alwayes equall in the same spaces of their carreere, do not cease to wax

*Since that Nature is self is mortal, this second cause creating, the ruine of these effects is infallible.* old, and even their age represents to us naturally our decay. Though the Stars shine with a sparkling lustre, as clear as at the first Day of their creation, yet as they are attached within those circles of Ages, whose continual motion is limited, they approach by little and little to their last West: where their light must be extinct, and the pace of their course shews us the way of our life, since Time conducts us all together, though diversly, to our end. The Fire so greedy, that it devours it self, when finding no more fuel to nourish it; is it not a Mirrour of the Lamp of our life, whose kindled Wiek goes out, when the Oyl of the Radical moysture fails it? The Air, which corrupts continually, is it not an Image of our corruption? and without doubt the Water's transparent body, represents us the fragility of ours; and its li-

*Every thing flees away from us, and in running after them, we run to death.*

quid crystalline, alwayes rolling away, makes us see in its gliding, our flitting nature. The earth could not have figured us better than

than she doth; since we are to day of the same matter, and to morrow of the like form. What fairer Mirrour than that of Flowers, where we may see in one day the whole course of our life: for at Sun-rise the buds resemble our Infancy, at noon the

*The world is a Nosegay of Flowers, which by little and little wither all together.*

same now full blown, our youth; and at Dayes-end themselves now quite withered, our last age. I will not speak of all the other Species of creatures animate, how every one in its self, though living, is an Image of death. It sufficeth me to cherish this remembrance, and leave to you thereof the meditation.

What shall I tell you of Fortune, of Honours, Riches, and all those glorious qualities of Valour, Beauty, and a thousand other besides, which

*Fortune hath nothing more her own, than her Inconstancy.*

vanish away with us? This blind Goddess hath a Mirrour under her feet, whose round figure shews us at once, both her instability, and our inconstancy. As for greatness and riches; the ashes of those which have possesst them, are as so many fresh Crystals of a Mirrour, *which flatters not*; wherein we may see the vanity both of their en-

## 8 The Mirrour which flatters not.

joyment, and of their possessors. Those  
*There is nothing im-* other qualities of fair and  
*mortal in Man but* valiant, are of the same  
*Vertue.*

nature, as those sensitive  
and vegetable souls, which die together  
with the subject which they animate, with-  
out leaving ordinarily so much as one small  
memorial, for mark that they have had a  
being otherwise : and in sequel to these  
truths, can you find a truer *Mirrour*, than

*Man is the Mirrour  
of Man, so that by  
due contemplation  
of one part, he may  
save the whole.*

this of our selves, since e-  
very part, (nay what say  
I?) every action, and  
every sigh is an animate

pourtraint of Death; Inso-

much that we draw the breath of so many  
continuate Gaspes, without ability of dis-  
pose of one only Instant, to give interval to  
this exercise.

How is it then possible that Man should  
mis-know himself, having such faithful  
*Mirrours* before his eyes, where at all  
times he may see apparently the Truth of

*All the objects of the  
world bid us Adue,  
while we but regard  
them, since they are  
alwayes fleeing a-  
way.*

his Nature kneaded in  
Corruption, formed by it,  
and destroyed also by the  
same? Strange thing! he  
can see nothing in the  
World, but Images of in-  
constancy,

constancy, and yet will not apprehend his own Change : whatsoever shall smite upon his ear, will resound nothing but the bruit of his flight, and yet he will not think upon his *retreit.*

*To muse always of  
Death, is the way  
of immortality.*

Lastly, his other Senses, and his fancy, shall have no other object but this of the continual vicissitude of all things, and yet he will remain firm and stable in his vanity, till death ruine its foundation. Thus in the deceitful opinion, wherein he is, of possessing all things, he loseth the possession of himself ; and having too much dreamed on his pleasures, his Life is past as a dream without return. I must tell you one of my meditations.

I shall never be able to comprehend the meaning of those, who moan themselves against Fortune, the world and all the pleasures of this life. One forsooth will upbraid to this foolish Deity, her deceits, without considering that he deceived himself in giving Trust to a Goddess that ne're had any. He yet will accuse her to have conducted him still through craggy wayes, and over-spread with thorns, as if in following

*A man may will  
complain against  
Fortune, these vain  
regrets exempt him  
not from the pain.*

one that is blind, a man should not hazard to run this danger.

Another will make ye fresh complaints

*The world may well be the instrument of our destruction, not the cause.* against the World, detesting its sweets, cursing its charms, and calling it a thousand times, Deceit-

full, but why? one would say to hear these plaints, that the world began but now to receive its birth, I mean, were but now newly created, that no man knows it yet, and that its first couzenages began but now to be discovered? What folly! Is not this to cheat ones self, to have commerce with a cheater? The world never yet bore any

*The number of those whom the world hath deceived, is so great, that they that will trust it, are now no more excusable.* other name or title, why then aim we to nourish our selves with its delights, whose after-bitterness impoysons sensibly our souls? But if its charms

be powerful enough to tempt reason, they are yet too feeble to vanquish it, provided that the will consent not, so that a man remains convict of all the crimes, whereof he may be accused.

*The will is so free, that it cannot suffer violence, but from it self.* What seeming ground then have we to be enraged against those pleasures which

which we have received, if our selves only give them both being and form? the Fancies conceive these delights, and the will gives them birth, they are the works whereof our imaginations form the Species, and our desires make the Metamorphosis; changing them into objects palpable, and sensible, which are marks of the seal of our depravedness.

*Pleasures are the greatest enemies of life, for in casting flowers upon our heads, they fill our hearts with thorns.*

Let a man then abhor pleasures instead of accusing them, detest their vanity in lieu of complaining of deceitfulness. But if they be criminal, they only bear the stain of their Fathers; and if they be complices of our destruction, 'tis we give them Birth, to give us Death.

Let men cease to lament of Fortune, since the Mirrour of its flying scarf, and wings, do express to the life its lightness, and our folly.

*Fortune is still herself, by which trusts her, takes delight to be cheated.*

Let none argue any more, that the world is cause of our ruine, since we cannot chuse but tread every hour over the dust and ashes of those, who have too late repented to have followed it. As for voluptuousnes, 'tis a vain *Idea*, to which our passions give a body,

a body, to make it serve as a sensible object of their brutality, insomuch that it can do nothing, but by our first motions, taking

*Pleasure still takes its force from our voluntary weakness. 'Tis more than folly, when the folly of others, serves us not for our example.*

its vigour from our force, and its power from our Sovereignty, and this renders us doubly culpable, palliating our faults, instead of acknowledging them, since Laments, rather than Excuses, might absolve us them.

Is it not that St. John Chrysostome toucht with compassion of our miseries cryes out in astonishment of our weakness: *O World, how many hast thou deceived!* but this is its trade and profession. *O Fortune, how many hast thou made to fall!* but even yet still, while I am speaking, she gives employment to her treason, and exercise to her Tyranny. *O Pleasures committed in Sweets, and yet steeped in bitterness, how many have ye poisoned!* but yet their venome is so common, that the whole earth is infected with it. What remedy then, to all these ills? No other than this, to pry into ones self, in the MIRR-

*We can no better contemplate any thing, than in the Mirrour, of our Nothing.*

*OUR of his own ashes.* A MIRROR always hanging at the girdle, and which flatters not. A MIRR-

*OUR*

ROUR whose glass, though more brittle, than one of Crystal, makes us yet to see that all the objects of the world are false, but that *All the Mirrours of the World flatter, except this of our mirrour, which represents us* of our Corruption. A Mirrour, which represents us *series.*

more lively in our pourtraint, than in our selves. A Mirrour, whose kind of shadow and *Chimera* makes us see in effect, that which we are in appearance.

A Mirrour all miraculous, which preserves certain Species's of Nothing to render them sensible to our knowledge. A Mirrour all divine, which metamorphosing our bodies into shadows, yet expresses us so naturally, that the most arrogant cannot mistake themselves. A Mirrour lastly, which Nature hath charmed with its own proper spells, to the end, that viewing himself herein, a Man may be able to resist the charms of the World's allurements.

I am greatly astonisht at those that preach, the knowledge of our selves, to be so troublesome and difficult, since at all times, and in all places, of all sides, and of all sorts of fashions, we are nothing at all; or if, by an excess of flattery and vanity, I borrow some names to express truly, what we are, it can be no other, than those of

If a man would still study himself, he would become the wised of the world. Durt and Mire, whose noysomness takes away all doubt on it, from the most incredulous.

In what then consits this trouble of studying to know ones self, since the most ignorant may in this, go out Doctors in the school of our miseries : where lies the difficulty to arrive to this knowledge? when the very wind of our sighs carries away, every moment, some of that polluted dust, whereof we be made. Where is this pain, say I yet, since our senses and spirits can have no other object than this of Inconstancy, as unparable to their nature, as it is proper to our condition? And what can be this difficulty, when we are capable of no action more, than to destroy our selves? We must break this rind farther.

I will believe that every one knows from whence he comes, and whence he goes, that his body is but a work of rottenness, and that the worms attend the prey thereof, as a nourishment which to them is destinatid: but it is important to consider that these truths, though sensible, are oftener put in oblivion, and this

this default of memory denotes that of knowledge. *A man knows no more than he remembers.*

He which museth upon his flightness, undervalueth (except God) all things; and vanity would never be able to surprise us, during the interim of this meditation. Man knows very well that he is mortal, but whilst he never thinks seriously of the necessity of dying, this *The remembrance of Death makes us forget the vanities of knowledge is forgot, Life.*

though he dye without cease, and in losing the remembrance of his condition, loses the knowledge thereof.

Remember that you are a Man, said his Page every morning to Philip of Macedon. This great Monarch made himself to be rouzed every day from

*The way to pass our dayes contentedly, is to think every hour of the last.*

sleep, with the news of Death, fearing to be charmed with the sweets of Life. Greatnesses environ him on all parts, to make him forget his humility; but understand you not the delicate air, which he causes to be sung to the tune of his miseries: the Pomp and Magnificence of his riches dazzle his eyes with their lustre, that he might never consider the

*The remembrance of the poorness of death is a potent charm to resist the memory of greatness of Birth.*

wretched-

wretchedness which is proper to him. But you see how he makes himself to be awaked with the noyse of this truth, ever to cherish its remembrance : *Sir, Remember that you are a Man*; oh how many Mysteries are comprised in these words! Behold the allegory on't.

Great Kings, remember, you are subject to many more Miseries, than you have subjects in your Empire. *Great Monarchs, remember*, that of all the great extension of

*If we be different in your Territories, there shall manner of life, we not remain you one only are all equal in necessity of dying.* foot; to jealous are the worms of your glory.

*Great Princes, remember*, that your Scepters and your Crowns, are such feeble marks of greatness, that Fortune sports with them, Time mocks at them, and the Wind shall sweep away their dust : *Sovereign Judges of the Life of Men, remember*, that although you are above the Laws, *This of Dying is inviolable.*

The *Fable* is pretty, of the resolution, which the flowers and plants took to elect a King and Queen, and as the number of Voyces gave the election, the *Marigold* was declared to be

be the King of the Flowers, and the *Bryar* Queen of Plants ; and under this toy, lye hid serious Verities:

Is there any thing fairer in all the borders of the Garden of Nature, than the flower of the *Marigold*? Its golden Tin-  
cture of the colour of the Sun, at first view dazeleth so delightfully ; that the eye amazeth gazing with admiration of its fresh-  
displayed beauty, can hardly retire its re-  
gards from an object so agreeable. But ga-  
ther it, and dight it on you, and its scent produces a thousand dislikes in the Mind, for that one onely, which you hold in  
your hand : for hence of a suddain the humours become dull, and melancholly, ha-  
ving been annoyed with so fair a fulsome-  
ness.

Royalty is absolutely the same ; the Scepters are as fresh flowers of *Mari-  
gold*, whose lustre and beauty equally ravishing, attract at first glance to their admiration the Soul by the eyes ; but if a Man take them into his grasp, or deck his head with them, he shall find himself fill'd with anxious cares by this coverture. If you doubt of this, ask *Sel-  
enus*, he will answer, That the first mo-  
ment

*If Crowns and Sce-  
ptrs were to be sold,  
wise men would ne-  
ver buy them.*

ment of his Reign, was the last of his quietness.

The Sweet bryar also bore away the Royalty; for who would not love it with its Rose? O how both together have powerfull attractives, to tempt equally, both the heart to desire them, and the hand to pluck them? And 'tis in vain that Nature hath

*Thorns are the Ros-  
es of Kings gar-  
dens.*

given arms to the jealousie of its prickles, to serve for the defence of its flowers:

since these sharps are as so many baits, which irritate us rather with Desire than Fear. All the world insert it in their Nosegayes; but the prickles remain, the Rose withers.

Say we then also, that Royalty is a fair Sweet-bryar, accompanied with its Rosess; I mean many contentments of the same nature. Both together have great charms to affect us both with love and desire, but the

*Great miseries are  
destinated to great  
fortunes.*

*The felicity of Kings  
hath much more lu-  
stre, than reality.*

Bryars of the Crown remain, the Rose of delights withers. O how ponderous is the load of this greatness? And if you believe not me, enquire hereof of the puissant King *Mithridates*, he will often reiterate

reiterate to you, *That he never sigh'd, but for  
the ponderous burden of his Crowns.*

**SIR, REMEMBER YOU ARE  
A MAN.**

But what is there here to pride in? May it be of the greatness of his Dominions? This is but an alien good, which admits not to be possest but by vanity, *Kings may trouble  
since its honours and plea-  
sures have nothing else but  
meer impropriety.* To be *quer the earth, it still  
an amply landed-man, is to have miry soyl  
to sell, and small profit to make thence.*

*Sir, Remember you are a Man.* What may be his ambition? may it be to conquer the whole world, what will he do with it after conquest; since it is a ball of snow, which Time melts by little and little, tumbling it without cessation.

*Sir, Remember you are a Man.* What might be his designs? Should he pretend to Altars, and Temples, what Oblations can be made to a Victime, whom Death holds continually at a bay? Can Incense be offered to a dunghill, or an Idol made of a sink? the very thought shocks common sense.

*He which makes  
himself to be adored,  
is rather for to be  
Deaths Victim, than  
to be idolatized.*

*Sir,*

*Sir, Remember that you are a Man. What can he do with his absolute power? A little stone makes him stumble; a straw can blind him; a shadow, an Atome, himself.* a thing of nothing are capable to reduce him to nothing at all. And is not this an object of pity, rather than of envy? Great Kings, these are truths too important for you, to lose their remembrance.

Well, you may out-brave the heavens with a bristling eye-brow: the only imagination of its thunder-claps holds you already in alarm. Boldly may you tread upon the earth with a disdainful foot; the same whereof you are made, shall shortly be so trodden, when the worms are glutted with it. *Remember that you are a Man,*

*I have said to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother, and my sister.* Job. 17. 14.

and that all the objects of riches and honours which environ you, are of the same Nature as you are. You are dying every moment, and every thing falls away without cease.

*The head that wears the Crown, wears away with it.*

When I represent to mind your heads, dia- dem'd with a rich Crown, I conceive

I conceivē it a little point infirm'd and clo-  
sed in a circumference, whose lines abutt  
at the centre of corruption ; lines of magni-  
ficence, which terminate at the point of  
wretchedness.

If I consider you with Scepter in hand,  
methinks I see a simple *Scepters and the*  
shrub, planted upon wor- *hand which hold*  
ser earth : the shrub dries *them, are equally pe-*  
up, and is reduced to dust, *risable.*  
the ground remajns that it was before.

Let me contemplate you seated upon  
your Thrones, deckt with your richest or-  
naments, my imagination shews me a *Ju-*  
*piter in picture, holding* *A strange thing that*  
the thunder in his hand ; *the clarity should*  
for you are so weak for all *blind us, though it*  
your absolute power, that *be the principal of*  
if you presume hardly to *the view.*  
raise your head, but to look upon the Sun,  
your eyes will water at the same time, to  
expiate with your tears, the time of your  
arrogance.

*Great Kings, Remember then, that you*  
are not *Great, but in miseries. Sovereign*  
*Monarchs, Remember, that your Empiredom*  
is but a servitude, since you are subject to  
all the diasters of your subjects. Powerfull  
Princes, one gust of wind defies to the strug-  
gle

gle your absolute power. *Sacred Majesties,*  
 I salute you to day by this name ; but to  
~~all the attributes of~~ tomorrow I will change  
~~worldly glory ac-~~ terms, and call you *Skele-*  
~~company us but to~~ tons and carcases, to the  
~~the grave.~~ end that in speaking this  
 truth all the world may know you, I will  
 change my tone.

How ingenious are the Poets in their fan-  
 cies ? They recount us, how that Incon-  
 stancy being banisht from heaven, descend-  
 ed upon earth, with design to have her pi-  
 cture drawn, and, upon the refuse that  
 Painters made of it, she addrest her self to  
 Time, who after he had considered her in

*Man serves for a shuttle cock to all shing-  
 ings, since all things concur to his* all her diversities, made  
~~use at last of the visage of~~ Man for the finishing  
~~things concur to his~~ cloath ; wherein having  
~~ruine.~~ represented her to the life,

all the world took her for Man himself,  
 since in effect 'tis but one and the same  
 thing. O fair truth discovered by a fable !

He then that now would see the Image  
~~Man is Inconstancy it self, rather than its pourtrait.~~ of Inconstancy, let him  
 consider the Life-touches  
 and lineaments of it, upon  
 his own visage. Our fore-  
 head which wrinkles every moment, is it  
 not

not the very same as hers? Our eyes, which by continual use every hour, do already require spectacles, are they not as hers? Our cheeks which now chap-fall are in nothing different from hers. In fine, our visages are the only *MIRRORS WHICH FLATTER NOT.*

But what shall we answer notwithstanding to the objection of this truth, that, that which we see of *MAN*, is not the *MAN*. If his visage, like a false Horologe index false, this our pourtraint of Inconstancy is merely imaginary.

But is there any thing more inconstant than the spirit of man? 'tis a weather-cock for all winds, behold again the first draughts of the visage of Inconstancy: must we not of necessity compare his changing humour to hers, if a man would exhibit thereof but one example; and these are yet new lineaments, which represent us this levity. In fine, his thoughts, his desires, and all the passions of his mind, are but objects of vicissitude, capable of all sorts of impressions: so

*Though a Man hides himself under the vayle of hypocrisy, his defects alwayes break through.*

*The spirit of Man is much more changing, than his body: for this changes only in growing old, but that grows old only in changing.*

that

that in the perfection of the portraiture of man, Inconstancy is found perfectly de-painted. Let us proceed.

*Virtue only can render us invulnerable.*

*A virtuous Man fears nothing.*

us of one *Achilles*, immortal in all the parts of his body save only his heel.

Great Kings; I will, if you please, take you for *Achilles's*, and will give out, Ye are like him, invulnerable, but only in the heel. But of what temper soever your Arms be,

*Every Man would be immortal, but none takes pain to acquire immortality.* what purpose serve they you with this defect? This only blot dusks the lustre of your glory. Nature has done surely well, to pro-

digalize upon you thus, both her graces and favours; she hath immortaliz'd you but by halves. All your appearances are divine, but something within spoiles all; each particular is a Heel, by which Death may surprize you.

Shall I say then that you are *Achilles's*? Who will believe me, since your heads serve but as Buts to the shafts of Fortune? To preach you invulnerable, a small scratch may

The fictions of Poets are yet serious enough, to serve us often for sufficient entertainment of the time. 'Tis they which tell

us of one *Achilles*, immortal in all the parts of his body save only his heel.

what purpose serve they you with this defect? This only blot dusks the lustre of your glory. Nature has done surely well, to pro-

digalize upon you thus, both her graces and favours; she hath immortaliz'd you but by halves. All your appearances are divine, but something within spoiles all; each particular is a Heel, by which Death may surprize you.

Shall I say then that you are *Achilles's*? Who will believe me, since your heads serve but as Buts to the shafts of Fortune? To preach you invulnerable, a small scratch may

may thereon give me the  
lye, Truth more power-  
full than flattery constrain-  
s me to call you by your  
name, for in remem-  
bring you that you are but Men, I suggest  
you to the life all the dysalters, which ac-  
company your life.

*It is onely the con-  
science of a just man  
is of proof, against  
the stroak of Time  
and Fortune.*

Thou hast much to do, to make Panegy-  
ricks in praise of man, O  
Mercury *Trismegistus*, and  
to maintain so confident-  
ly, that he is a great mi-  
racle; it must be then a  
miracle of misery, since Nature produceth  
nothing so miserable as he is.

*Man is so poor a  
thing, that one can-  
not give him a name  
but is advantagious  
to him.*

And thou, *Pythagoras*, which hast had the  
forehead to perswade us, that man was a  
mortal God; if thou hadst made anatomy  
of his carkass, the stench of his filth had  
soon made thee change this language. *Plato*,  
thou reason'st well upon this subject, yet  
without sound consideration, then when  
with an enforcement of spirit and elo-  
quence, thou wouldest ob-  
lige us to believe, that man  
is of the race of the gods; yes surely, since thy gods  
are gods of earth, the cause

*There is no tongue in  
Nature which can  
furnish us with  
terms strong enough  
to express the mis-  
eries of Man.*

is matchat to the effect, for man is of the same matter. *Plotinus*, thou also didst not miss it, when in favour of man, thou said'st he was an abridgement of the wonders of the world, for since all its wonders heretofore so famous, are no more but dust and ashes, man may hereof be the example, with good reason.

O how much more expert is *David* in the knowledge of our condition, when he compares man, not only to the dust, but to the dust which flyes away, to show us, that, that little which he is, still flyes away, till it be nothing in the end.

But how glad am I, O Lord, that I am  
Memento ô homo  
quid nihil es, &  
in nihilum rever-  
teris. but dust, to the end that I  
may fly towards heaven,  
for the earth I undervalue.

How am I satisfied that I  
am but *Ashes*, that I may but be able to  
keep in my soul some little sparkle of thy  
love. What glory, and what contentment  
too, is it to be devoured by worms, since  
thou callest thy self a *Worm*? Gnaw, O

Ego sum vermis,  
& non homo. Lord, gnaw both my heart  
and entrails. I offer thee  
them in prey, and regive

Psal. 22. 6. me new ones, that may  
offend thee no more. I know well that my  
life

life flits away by little and little, but how agreeable is this flight unto me, since thou art its object. I see well that my *Daies* slide away, and pass in continual course : But O what Consolation is it, to be sensible of dying at all hours, for to live eternally ! O Verities ! again, what ravishments have you to console the souls of the most afflicted ? I return to my subject.

We read of the Priests of the Gentiles, that they writ letters every year to their gods, upon the Ashes of the Sacrifices, which they made upon the top of Mount *Olympos*, and I believe that this was upon design, that they might thus be better received, being written upon this paper of humility. Let us fetch now some truth from this fancy. Let us write every day to heaven upon the paper of our Ashes, confessing that we are nothing else, and let us make our sighs the faithful messengers of these Letters, as the only witnesses of our hearts. *All the parts of the body are as so many characters of dust wherein may be read the truth of our Nothingness.*

I will hide my self under the *Ashes*, O Lord, to the end that thy Justice may not see me, said *David*. What Curtain's this ? This So-

veraign Justice which makes it bright day in hell, cannot pierce the *Ashes* to find underneath a Sinner. No, no, for the vail has the virtue to reflect the beams of this revenging light within the source, which produced them.

*Seest thou how Ahab  
humbleth himself?  
I will not bring the  
evil in his dayes,*  
1 Kings 21. 29.

Recordare quæso  
quod sicut argil-  
lam fecisti me &  
in pulverem re-  
duces me. Job 10.  
9.

of the pitiful estate whereunto he is reduced. Why should you take Arms against me O Lord, (pursues he) when the breath of your word is able to undo the same,

*Humility triumphs  
over all things.*

which it hath made me? Remember, O Remember, that I am but what the benign influence of your divine regards permits me to be; for on the instant that you shall cease to regard me, I shall cease to live.

Remember that I am nothing, O Lord, and that thou hast made me of nothing, and every moment canst reduce me to something less than nothing; cryes out Job, in his miseries. He finds no other invention to appease the mild choler of his God, than putting him in mind of his infinite Greatness, and at the same time

Remember, O Remember, that I am but what the

Deck we then with Ashes our body of dust, and let us cover with a new earth our own, to make Rampions of proof against the thunders of heaven. See you not how its all-powerful Justice, finds limitation in the confession of our being

*Man, remember thy beginning, for thou art not made of Fire like the Stars, nor of Ayre like the winds, but of mire: from whence it is, thou soyl'st all the world.*

nothing. We need fear nothing, acknowledging that we are nothing. Well may the Thunder make a horrid rumbling, yet the Hyssop out-braves it in its lowness. Fear and humility, ever abandon each others company. The only means to triumph over all things, is to vanquish Ambition.

*He which can overcome himself, shall never be vanquished by a greater Captain.*

O Lord, I durst scarce believe, that I am, if thy providence alone were not the prop of my being. But since thy goodness hath drawn me from the abyse of Nothing; let thy grace cause me alwayes to keep the remembrance of my original. Before Time was, I was Nothing; now Time is, I am yet Nothing. But what happiness is it to be Nothing at all, since thou art All-things? for if I search my self in vain in my self, is it not sufficient that I am found in thee? I

will then forget even mine own name, and muse of nothing, but of the *Chimera* of my being, since as a *Chimera* it passeth away and

*What a joy is it to pass away continually with all things, towards him that hath created all things.* vanisheth. The only Consolation, that remains me in my passage, is, that thou alone remainest firm and stable; so that without end thou art the end

of my carreere, and without bounds limitest the extent of my course, as the only object, both of my rest and felicity. See me now upon return.

With what an ever to be adored lustre, appears the love of God in his day, in the

*Heaven changes the sighs of the Earth into tears, I man its vapours into dew.* work of Man? Would not one say, that it seems he made him of earth, that he might strow thereon the seeds both of his blessings and graces! O fortunate Earth, which being diligently cultured, may bring forth the fruits of eternal happiness!

*Since we are of Earth, let us suffer this divine Sun of Love, to exhale the vapours of our sighs for so metamorphose them into the tears of Repentance.*

Boast thy self O Man, to be Nothing but Earth, since the heaven bedews the Earth continually. But if with a provoked eye, it lancheth out sometimes its

its thunders upon it, her self doth afford hereof the matter. *Live alwayes Innocent, and thou shalt not know what 'tis to fear.* Imply thy self without cease, to measure the depth of the abyffe of thy nothingness ; and though thou never pierce to the bottom hereof, thy pains shall not be unprofitable ; because, seeking thy self in thy basenes, thou shalt alwayes recover thy self again much greater than thou art.

The *Sun*, this fair Planet of the *Day*, which with a continual aspect, contemplates all created things, cannot make reflection of his beams to see himself; as if his mother Nature had apprehended in making him so glorious, that the Mirrour of his light, might not be metamorphosed into a fire of love, to render him amorous of his own proper lustre.

But the *Intellect*, this *Sun of our Souls*, has a faculty, with which it can both contemplate out of it self all things, and repeat again the same power to consider it self; which makes a man capable, not only of the meditation of the mi-

*A man cannot stumble ordinarily, but through perverseness ; since reason enlightens him in the very worst wayeres.*

series of the World, but also of that of the afflictions and troubles, which inseparably keeps him company to the grave.

We read of Moses, that God commanded him to frame the \* fore-

\* *The Laver which was before the Tabernacle, Exo. 38.8.* front of the Tabernacle all of Mirrors; to the end, that those that should pre-

sent themselves before his Altar, might view themselves in this posture of Prayer. O this excellent Mystery! Mortals, it behoves you to view your selves in the Mirrour of your Ashes, if you would have your vows heard.

God hath taught us an excellent way of Prayer, *Give us this day our daily bread.* But

*There is nothing assured in Life, but its continual Death.* why O Lord, teachest thou us not to ask thee our bread for to morrow, as well as for to day? O how

good a reason is there hereof? This is, because that life hath no assurance of to morrow; besides that, it is an excess of grace, that we may be bold to crave of him the bread of our nourishment for all a whole day, since every moment may be that of our Death. Reader, let this verity serve thee yet as a Mirrour, if thou would'st have thy prayers to pierce the heavens. This is

not

not all, to know thy body is a Colots of filth, which is trail'd along from one place to another, as it were by the last struggle of a Life alwayes languishing. It behoves thee also to call to

*It is not sufficient to muse on the necessity of dying, but to consider also that every hour may be our last.*

mind, that every instant may terminate the course of thy troublesome carreere ; and that this sudden retreat, constrains thee to bid Adieu for ever to all the things of the world, which thou cherishedst most : *Thoughts only worthy of a noble spirit !*

I have eaten Ashes as bread, sayes the Rey-all Prophet ; but how is it possible ? I conceive his thought. He entertained his soul with the remem-

*Psal. 102. 9.*

*Cinerem tanquam panem manducabam.*

brance of the Ashes of his body, and this truth alone serv'd as an object to his imagination, for to satisfie the appetite of his Soul. Lord, give me both the same relish and desire, to repast my self still thus, of dust and ashes, in remembrancing my self alwayes, that I am nothing else.

*A man to abase himself below that which he is, being so poor a thing as nothing.*

○ sweet remembrance of my rotteness, since it

steads me for eternal nourishment of my

Soul! O precious memory of my Nothingness, since able to satisfie the appetite of my heart! Let this be *the daily bread, O Lord,* which thou hast taught me to ask thee, to the end, that all my desires together might be satiated with this dear nourishment. I recollect my self in this digression.

Having diverse times mused of the im-

*Si vitrei essemus, minus casus time- zemus.* S. Aug.

becillity and weakness of *Man, I am constrain'd to cry out with St. Augustine,*

What is there that can be

more frail in Nature? If we were of Glass (pursues he,) our condition might therein be better; for a Glass carefully preserv'd,

may last a long time: and

*There is nothing more brittle than glass, yet man is more.* yet what pain soever *man* takes to preserve himself,

and under what shelter so-

ever he shrowds himself, for covert to the storm, he breaks and is shattered of himself.

What reply you to these verities, *Great Princes?* Well may you now be arrogant; The fragility of glass cannot admit of com-

*Man is fully mis- table, since his life is the source of his miseries.* parison, with this of your nature; what seat will you give to your greatness? and what foundation to

your

your vanity? when the wind alone of your  
sighs, may shipwrack you upon the Sea of  
your own proper tears? what surnames  
will you take upon you, for to make you  
be *mistaken*? That of *Immortal* would be-  
come you ill, since every part of your body,  
serves but as a *Butt* to the shafts of *Death*.  
*Invincible*, would also be no way proper;  
since upon the least touch of mis-hap, you  
are more worthy of pity, *A man may do ev-  
than capable of defence. ry thing with ver-  
Would you be called true, without it no-  
Gods?* your *Idolaters* thing.  
would immolate you to their own laughter.  
Tread under foot your Crowns, if rightly;  
you will be crowned with them, you only  
thus render your selves worthy of those ho-  
nours, which you mis-  
prize: for Glory consists *Heaven cannot be  
acquired, but by the  
misprize of earth.*  
not in the possessing it, but  
in the meriting; and the  
only means to obtain it, is to pretend no-  
thing at all to it.

How remarkable is the custome of the  
*Locrims* at the Coronation of their Kings:  
they burnt before them a handful of Tow;  
to represent unto them the instability of  
their *Grandeur*s, and the greediness of Time  
to destroy them. In effect, all the great-  
nesses

nesses of the Earth, are but as a bundlet of

*All the grandeur of Kings is but as the blaze of flaming Tow.* Tow ; and then when *Darius* would make of them his treasure, Mis-hap set fire on them, and re-

duced them into Cinders, and when he had yet in his heart a desire to immortalize them, a new fire seiz'd his entrails by the heat of thirst, which burn'd him, to the end to consume at once, both the cause, and the effect. So true it is, that the Glory of the world vanisheth away like *Smoak.* Great Kings, if you would build a Throne of Majesty to the proof, both against Time and Fortune, lay its foundation upon that

*He which esteems himself the least of all, is the greatest.* of your Miseries. *Humility* takes her rise in lowliness, from the lowest foot-ing, when she makes her

flight into the heavens.

O how admirable is the *Humility* of Saint *John Biptist* ! They would give him titles of Sovereignty, in taking him for the *Messias* : but call to your memory, how, with an ejaculation of Love and Reverence, he precipitates himself both with heart and thought into the Abyss of his own Nothingness, there to admire in all humility, both Greatness and Majesty in his Throne.

*I am but a Voyce, fayes he,*  
which beats at the ears, *Vox clamantis in*  
to enter into your hearts. *deserto, Joh. 1. 23.*

*A Voyce, which rustles in a moment, and*  
passes away at the same instant; *What Hu-*  
*mility!* Is there any thing which is less any  
thing than a *Voyce*? 'Tis a puff of wind,  
which a fresh one carries I know not where,  
since both lose themselves in the air, after  
its never so little agitation, with their gen-  
tle violence. 'Tis nothing  
in effect, yet notwithstanding- *Christus verbum,*  
ing, the proper name of *Johannes vox.*  
this great Prophet. They *John 1. 27.*

would elevate him, and he abaseth himself  
so low, that he would render himself invi-  
sible as a *Voyce*; so much  
he fears to be taken for  
Him, *whifeshoo-latchet he*  
*judgeth himself unworthy to*  
*unloose.* *A Man is to be*  
*estimated in pro-*  
*portion to the un-*  
*dervalue he makes*  
*of himself.*

Lord, what are we also, but a little wind  
enclosed in a handfull of Earth? To what  
can one compare us without attributing us  
too much vanity? True it is, that we are  
the works of thy hands, but all other crea-  
ted things bear the same Title, but if thy  
bounty hath been willing to advantage our  
nature with many graces, proper and or-  
dinates

dinated to it alone, these are so many witnessses which convince us, not to have deserv'd them, since our very Ingratitude is yet a recognizing of this Truth. Insomuch, that as our Life is nothing but sin, and sin is

*The most just man sineth seven times in a day.* a meer privation, it may be maintained that we are nothing else, and consequently nothing at all.

But how proud am I, *O Lord*, every time I think thou hast created me of Earth? for this is a Principle, which draws we always to it self by a right of propriety; from whence I cannot defend my self; *All things what is it for a man to triumph here, of the world? the earth expects the spoil.* *seek their repose in their element.* O how happy am I, to search mine in that of Dust and Ashes, whereof thou hast formed me?

The Earth demands my Earth; and my body, as a little gullet, separated from its source, speeds by little and little, to the same source, from whence it had its beginning. And this is that which impeaches me from gathering up my self, to take a higher flight. I should do bravely, to hoysse my self above my Centre, when the assay of my

*Pride hoyses up, only to give us a fall.* Vanity, and the violence of my fall, are but the same

same thing. I give still downwards upon the side of my weaknesses, and the weight of my miseries over-bears upon the arrogance of my Ambition. O happy defect, and yet more happy the condition, which holds me always enchain-ed to the dunghill of my Original ; since the links of this easie servitude, are so many Mirrours which represent me that I am

*A man no doubt may mis-know himself, yet the least of his mis-haps tears the vail of his hood-winkness.*

nothing, whensoever I imagine my self to be something. Let us change our Tone, without changing Subject.

*Ladies, Remember that you die every hour ; behold, here a MIRROUR WHICH FLATTERS NOT.* It shews you both what you are, and such as you shall be. But if notwithstanding, you still admire your selves under another visage, full of allurements, and sweets ; This is but *Death* himself, who hides him under these fair appa-rences, to the end, you may not discern him. It is true, you have graceful tresses of hair which cover your heads, and his is all bald : but do not you heed, how he pulls them off from yours by little and little

*A strange thing that Death is still as near us, as life, and yet we never think on it.*

*every*

40 *The Mirrour which flatters not.*

every day, and makes those which he leaves you, to turn white, to the end you may pull them out your selves?

It is true, your Eyes have a sparkling lustre, and beauty ; but of his is seen only the hideous place, where *Time and Death are the only inexorables.* Nature had seated them : But do you not consider, how with continual action, he dusks the glory of this beauty ; and, in conclusion, puts to Eclipse these imaginary Petty-Suns.

It is true, your hue is of Lillies, and your mouth of Roses, upon his face is seen only the stubs of these flowers : but call to mind, that he blasts this Lilly-teint, as well as Lillies themselves ; and that the vermillion of this Rosie-month lasts but as Roses ; and if yet you differ to day from him in something, you may resemble him to morrow in all. I leave you to meditate of these truths.

*Man is a true mirrour, which represents to the natural all things, which are oppos'd unto it.* If you turn it downward to the

*Man is as one picture with two faces, and often the most natural is fals'est.* Earth, we can see within nothing but objects of *Dust and Ashes* : but if you turn him to the Heavens-

ward, there is to be admired in it beauties, and graces, purely coe-  
lestial.

estial. In effect, if we consider *Man* in his mortal and perishable condition, hardly can one find any stay in this consideration; since he is nothing else but a *Chimera*, whose form every moment by little and little destroys, to reduce to its first nothing. And indeed, not to lie to ye, *Man* is but a puff of wind, since he lives by nothing else, is filled with nothing else, and dies only by Privation of it. But if you turn the medal (I would say, the *Mirrour*) of his Soul towards his Creator, there are seen nothing but gifts of Immortality, but graces of a Sovereign bounty, but favours of an absolute will. *Man is nothing in himself, yet comprehends all things.*

*What though man be made of earth; he is more divine than mortal.*

Stars appear in this Crystalline *mirrour*, not by reflection of the object, but by a divine vertue proceeding from the Nature of his cause; Let us to the End.

Methinks, this Page returns again to day within the Chamber of *Philip of Macedon*, and drawing the curtain, cryes out according to his ordinary custome,

*The slumber of vanities is a mortal malady to the soul.*

*Sir, Awake, and remember that you are a Man;*

*Man* : but why rouzes he him to think ~~quish~~ Death, since sleep is its image? *Alexander* give a knew himself mortal by his sleeping ; and me in effect those which have said, that sleep of *Indra* was the Brother of *Death*, have drawn their of ev reason of it, from their reciprocal resemblance. *Awake then great Kings* ; Not ~~to~~ But ponder that you are mortal, your sleep is ~~not~~ *God*, *trance* of this, but rather that you are created for immortality. *Remember you are Men* ~~all men~~ I will not say, subject to all the miseries ~~all men~~ *Rem*

*A man should not* ~~make~~ the Earth ; but rather ~~make~~ forget his heavenly pable of all the felicities beginning, having of heaven. *Remember, that* heaven for a daily ~~make~~ you are Men ; I will not ~~make~~ object.

*say the shittle-cock of Time, and the Butt to all the shafts of Fortune*, but rather victors over ages, and all sorts of miseries. *Remember that you are men* ; I will not say any more, conceiv'd in Corruption, brought forth by it, and also destroyed by it : But rather, I say, born for the glory of *God*, *Living* for to acquire it,

*If a Man should* ~~make~~ consider his worth by *that which he cost*, *he would love himself perfectly*. *Kemember that you are men*, I will say no more slaves of *Sin*, the *Flesh*, and the *World* : but rather free for resistance to the first, strong enough to vanquish

think quish the next, and more powerful yet to  
give a Law to the third. Remember that you  
are men, I will no more say the pourtraiet  
slee of Inconstancy, the object  
of every sort of ill, and  
resem the pasture of Worms :  
Not But rather, the Image of  
God, the subject of every  
sort of good, and the sole

*A man may do every good thing which he desires, since in his impuissance his will is taken for the deed.*

aliment of eternity, as created for it alone.  
Remember that you are men, I will not say,

*Man is sure a thing something divine, which is not seen even to its self.*

made of clay, animated  
with mis-hap, and meta-  
morphosed a new into  
rotteness ; but rather  
made by the proper hand of God, animated  
by his bounty, and redeemed by his Grace.

I wonder at this, that they should call  
Man a little world, since the least of his  
thoughts is able to sign out its expansion  
beyond a thousand worlds. True it is,  
that he was made of  
Earth ; but the Master  
which hath made him, having also drawn him-  
self in the middle of his work (as did Phidias)

*Though he be made of clay ; the workmanship is yet all divine.*

renders him, more admirable than the  
Heavens. One might also judge at first  
view, that the greatest part of the creatures  
have

have many more Prerogatives than he. But contrarily the Heavens, the Stars, and all the rest of that nature hath most precious, have in some sort correspondence or equivalence to his Grandeur: let us see the proof on't.

I grant that the Sea may make us admire equally, both its vastness of Empire, and efficacy of power: the least tear of repentance which a Man sheds is a thousand times more admirable, since it remounts even to the source of that grace, which produc'd it, and consequently beyond the Heavens. I grant that the Air fills all, and its

*The heart of man is immense nature permits so vast and spacious, that God only no vacuity, through the whole universe. The heart can fill it.*

of man carries him far higher, being never able to find satisfaction in its desires, if its Creators self, though without measure, be not its measure. Let the fire, alwayes greedy and ambitious, scale the Heavens in apparence with continual action by the vain attempts of its ejacula-

*A Man who loves God with all his heart, lives upon earth in the same fashion, as they live in heaven.*

tions; The least sparkle of the fire of divine love wherewith man may be enflamed is so pure and so noble, that one cannot conceive an example of its

ne. Buts perfection. Suppose the transparent he-  
and a n ens have no other matter, than that of  
in p form, and they render themselves thus won-  
to his-  
derful in their simplicity, as in their course  
still equal, and still continual ; the spirit  
as ad of man is infinitely more excellent in its na-  
ture, and much more noble also in its acti-  
of re-  
ons, since it works without self-motion,  
us and  
ounts  
a pro-  
Hea-  
nd its  
permits  
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e of  
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be  
I so  
not  
of its  
wonders. The Sun of rea-  
on, wherewith man is il-  
luminate, is wholly mira-  
The Reason of Man  
is a ray, beaming  
from the Sun of Di-  
vinity.

lulous, since it operates in a divine sem-  
blable manner : the virtue of other crea-  
tures vegetable, and sensitive is inseparably  
djoyned also to the body of man, as its ma-  
terial : Insomuch, that he contains, in a  
degree of eminence above all the creatures  
of the world, more perfe-  
tions himself alone, than  
all they together have ever  
possessed. And I shall well  
say more yet ; that Man  
 hath certain puissances of disposition to ele-  
ate himself so high in his humility, that  
the

Man bath some ti-  
tles of Nobility, to  
which the very An-  
gels themselves can-  
not pretend.

the Angels shall be below him.

But if I shall yet moreover poize Man, in  
*If man were again to be sold, who could ransom him as he cost?* the ballance of the Cross  
 of his Saviour, and set him at the price of the blood,  
 wherewith he was redeemed; Which of the creatures, or rather  
 which of the Angels will be so bold, to dispute the preheminence?

*Great Kings, Remember then, that you are Men:* but more admirable in your Governments, than the Sea in its vastness. Remember, that you are Men; but also capable to purifie the Air, by one only sigh, though even that sigh be made of nothing else. Remember, that you are men, but a thousand, thousand times yet more noble than the Fire, since the Seraphins burn incessantly with those divine Fires, wherewith your hearts may be enflamed. Remember, that you are men; but *Man is an Abridge-ment rather of the marvells of heaven, than of the miracles of earth.* more perfect than the Heavens, since they were not created, but to pour upon your heads their benign influences. Remember, that you are men; but more marvellous without comparison, than the Sun; since your

our Reason is a divine light, which can never suffer Eclipse, but by opposition from a voluntary depravedness. Remember, that you are men; but also destin'd to command over all other living creatures. Remember, that you are men; but also kneaded as it were, by the hand of one All-powerful; formed after his Image, and redeemed by his blood, what can one say more?

Unto what a point of Glory hast thou then elevated me, O sweet Saviour? in abasing thy self even to the grave. After thou hadst formed me of earth, thou hast also taken the same form for to resemble me in all things. Thou I say, O my God, whose infinite greatness cannot admit only the very admiration of the Scruplins, but through the traverse of the vail, of their ordinary submissions. What prodigy of bounty is this! Cause me then, O Lord, if it please thee, that I may estimate my self at the price which thou hast ransomed me for, and that in such sort, that I may live no more, but in loving thee, to die also one day of the same disposition. Let me be bumbly-bumblily, carrying the lineaments of thy resemblance,

*If a Man did often muse of the ends, for which he was created, he would there-in set up his rest from all the inquietudes of the world.*

semblance, that I may alwayes follow thee, though not able to imitate thee. This is that, which I will continually implore thee for, until thou hast heard my vows.

I advow now, *O Mercury Trismegistus*,  
*The magnificence of man hath neither bounds nor limits, since God himself is his end.* that thou hast reason to publish, that *man is a great miracle*, since God himself hath been willing to espouse his condition, to shew us, in its miseries, the miracles of his Love.

I confess, *Pythagoras*, that thou hast had no less ground to maintain that *man was a mortal God*, since except this sweet necessity, *Though a man still fade away, he is yet a lively portraiture of immortality.* which subjects him to the Tomb, he has a thousand qualities in him all immortal. I should, finally, have been of advice with thee *Plato* then, when thou preachedst, every where, that *Man was of the race of the gods*, since a

*All the creatures are admirable, as the effects of a sovereign and independent cause: but man has attributes of an unparalleled glory.*

piece of work so rare, and so perfect, could not proceed but from a hand Omnipotent, I mean this Rivulet of admiration could not proceed but from a source most adorable. I

am of thy opinion, *Plotinus*, and henceforth will

will maintain every where with thee, that *man* is an abridgement of the wonders of the world : Since that all the Universe together was created but for his *service and pleasure*. Say we yet moreover, that those *wonders of the world*, so renowned, are but the *the eight wonders of the world.* works of his hands ; so that also the actions of his spirit in Divine Contemplation can take their Rise above the Sun, and beyond the heavens, and this too now in the chains of its servitude.

*Great Kings*, be it supposed that you are living pourtracists of Inconstancy : The perfection of your Nature lies in this defect of your powers, for this Vicissitude, which God hath rendered inseparable to your condition, is a pure grace of his bounty since you wax old only, that you may be exempted from the tyranny of ages : since (I say) you die every moment, only to make acquisition of that immortality, to which his love has destin'd you.

*Man flies away by little and little, from one part of himself, that he may entirely enter at once into himself.*

*O happy Inconstancy ! If in changing without cease, we approach the point of our sovereign felicity, whose foundations are immovable. O dear Vicissitude ! if*

*This defect of inconstancy is the perfection of man; since he is changeable to day, so be no more so to morrow.*

*A man is only happy in the perpetual inconstancy of his condition.*

separates us from Immortality.

It is true, I confess it again, *Great Kings*, that you are subject to all the sad accidents of your subjects; But what happiness is it,

*The greatest misery that can arrive to a Man, is to offend God.* if these misfortunes are as so many several wayes, which conduct you into the Port.

Be it granted, that you are nothing but Corruption in your birth, Misery in your Life, and a fresh infection in your Death: All these truths are as so many attributes of honour to you, since you disrobe your selves in the grave of all your noysomness, for to deck your selves with the ornaments of Grace, of Felicity and Glory, which belongs in proper to your souls, as being created for the possession of all these Good Things.

Who can be able to dimension the greatness

rowing without interval in the dust of our original, we approach by little and little, to those Ages of glory, which beyond all time assign at our End, the beginning of a better Career. O Glorious Death, since terminated at that cruel instant, which sepa-

ness of *Man*; since He who hath neither bounds nor limits would himself be the circumference of it? Would you have some

*Heaven, Earth, Nature, the very Devils, are admirers of the greatness of Man.*

knowledge of *Mans* power? hear the commandment which *Joshua* made to the Sun, to stop in the midst of his carreer. Would you have witnesses of his strength? *Samson* presents you all the *Philistins* buried together under the ruines of the Temple, whose foundations he made to totter. Require you some assurances of his courage? *Job* offers you as many as he has sores upon his body. In fine, desire you some proofs of his happiness? Heaven hath fewer of Stars, than of felicities to give him.

What name then shall we attribute him now, that

*Man may be whatsoever he will be.*

may be capable to comprehend all his glory? There is no other than *this of Man*; and *Pilate* did very worthily (no doubt) to turn it into mockage before the

*John 19. 5. Ecce homo. Behold the Man.*

Jews; he shews them a God under the visage of a *Man*. Let the world also expose the miseries of *Man* in publick; His Image of Earth is yet animated with a divine spirit, which can never

*The name Man is now much more noble than that of Angels.*

*With what new winds soever a man be covered, he bears still in his forehead the marks of his Creator.*

change Nature. Well may they tear his bark, the *In-*  
*mate* of it is of proof a-  
gainst the strokes of For-  
tune, as well as the gripes  
of *Desir*. The *Man* of  
Earth may turn into  
Earth; but the *Man* of  
Heaven takes his flight  
alwayes into Heaven.

That *Man* I say, fickle and inconstant, kneaded and shap'd from dirt, with the wa-  
ter of his own tears may resolve into the same matter: But this stable and constant  
*Man*, created by an omnipotent hand, re-  
mains uncessantly the same, as incapable of alteration.

Rouze then your selves from sleep, great

*He that would al-  
wayes muse of Eter-  
nity, would with-  
out doubt, acquire  
its glory.*

*Princes*; not for to remem-  
ber *Death*, but rather to  
represent unto your selves  
that you are immortal,

since *Death* hath no kind  
of Dominion over your Souls, which make  
the greatest, as being the Noblest, part of  
you.

Awake then great *Monarchs*; not for to  
muse of this necessitie, which draws you e-  
very hour to the tomb, but rather to consi-  
der,

der, that you may exempt your selves from it, if your Actions be but as sacred as your Majesties.

Great PRINCES, awake, and permit me once more to remembrance You, that you are Men, I mean the Master-piece of the works of God; since this divine work-Master hath in conclusion metamorphosed himself into his own work. My feathered pen can fly no higher.

Those which have propounded that Man was a New World, have found out proportionable relations, and great correspondencies of the one to the other; for the Earth is found in the matter whereof he is formed, the Water in his tears, the Air in his sighs, the Fire in his Love, the Sun in his reason, and the Heavens in his Imaginations. But the Earth sublits and he vanisheth: O sweet vanishment! since he is lost in himself, that he may be found in his Creator. But the Earth remains firm, and his dust flyes away: O happy flight, since eternity is its aim! The Water, though it fleets away, yet returns the same way, and retorts upon its own paces:

*Man is a hidden treasure, whose worth God only knows.*

*Man only is the ornament of the world.*

But man contrarily being settled upon the  
*Man may be said to* declining stoop of his  
*be happy in being* ruine, rouls insensibly  
*subject to all mis-* without interval to the  
*biips.* grave, his prison. O dear  
*ruine!* O sweet captivity! since the soui re-

*Death is a grace rather than a pain.* covers her freedom, and  
 this Sepulture serves but

as a Furnace to purifie his  
 body. The *Air*, although it corrupt, is not  
 for all that destroyed, the corruption of man  
 destroys its material. O glorious destruc-  
 tion, since it steads him as a fresh disposition  
 to render him immortal. The *Fire*, though  
 it fairly devour all things, is yet preserved  
 still it self, to reduce all the world into  
 ashes: But Man perceives himself to be de-  
 voured by *Time*, without ability ever to re-  
 fust it. O beneficial Impotence, since he finds  
 his Triumph in his Overthrow! The *Sun*  
 causeth always admiration in its ordinary  
 lustre, but Mans reason is impaired in the

*The felicity of Man in this world consists in the necessity of death.* course of Times. O wel-  
 come impairment, since Time ruines it but only in  
 an Anger, knowing that  
 it goes about to establish its Empire, beyond  
 both Time and Ages. In fine, the Heavens  
 may seem to wax old in their wandring  
 course:

course : they yet appear the same still every day, as they were a thousand years ago : Man from moment to moment differs from himself, and every instant disrobes him somewhat of his Being. O delightfull Inconstancy !

*How happy is Man in decaying evermore, since he thus at last renders himself exempt from all the miseries which pursue him.*

since all his changes make but so many lines, which abutt at the Centre of his stability.

How mysterious is the Fable of *Narcissus* ; The Poets would perswade us, that He became self-enamoured, viewing Himself in a Fountain. But I am astonish'd, how one should become amorous of a dung-hill, though covered with Snow or Flowers. A face cannot be formed without *Eyes, Nose, and Mouth*, and yet every of these parts make but a body of Misery, and Corruption, as being all full of it.

*A long life is a heavy burthen to the Soul, since it must render an account of all its moments.*

This Fable intimates us the representation of a fairer truth, since it invites a man to gaze himself in the Fountain of his tears, thus to become amorous of himself, not for the lineaments of dust and ashes, whereof his countenance is shap'd ; but rather of

D 4 those

*If a man could contemplate the beauties of his soul in innocence, he would always be surprized with its love.*

*If a man would often view himself in the tears of his repentance, he would soon become a true self-lover.*

those beauties and graces, wherewith his soul is ornamented, and all these together make but a rivulet, which leads him to the admiration of that source from whence they took their original.

Oh how *David* was a wise *Narcissus*! then when he made of his Tears a

*Mirrour*, so to become enamour'd of himself, for he was so self-loving in his *repentance*, that in this he spent both days and nights, with unparallel'd delights.

But if *Narcissus* ship-wreck'd himself in the fountain of his self-fondness; *This great King* was upon point to abyse himself in the Sea of his tears: for their liquid Crystalline shew'd him to himself so beautiful, that he burned with desire thus to drown himself.

*Ladies*, view your selves in this *Mirrour*, since you are ordinarily slaves to your own self-love. You will be fair at what price soever; see here is the means. The Crystall

stall *Mirrour* of your tears *flatter not*; contemplate therein the beauty of this grace, which God hath given you, to bewail your vanities. This is the only ornament which can render you admirable. All those deceitful Crystals, which you wear hang'd at your Gir-dles, shew you but fained beauties; whereof Art is the work-mistress and cause, rather than your visages: Would ye be Idolaters of the Earth which you tread on? your bodies are but of dirt; but if you will have them endeared, where shall I find terms to express their Noysomness? Leave to *Death* his Conquest, and to the *Worms* their heritage; and search your selves in that original of Immortality, from whence your souls proceed, that your actions may correspond to the Nobleness of that Cause. This is the most profitable counsel which I can give you. It is time to end this Chapter.

*Tears are the faith-  
fullest Mirrours of  
penitents.*

*If Ladies would  
take as much care of  
their souls as of  
their bodies, they  
would not hazard  
the loss both of one  
and the other.*

Great Kings, I serve you this Morning, instead of a Page to awake You, and remembrance *You that you are men*: I mean, Subjects to *Death*, and consequently destinat-

to serve as a Prey to the *Worms*, a shittle-cock to the Winds, and matter for to form an object of horrour and astonishment to you altogether. Muse a little, that your life passeth away as a *Dream*; think a little that your thoughts are vain; consider at the same

*Men are so near of blood together, that all bear the same name.* time, that all that is yours passes and flyes away. You are great, but this necessity of dying, equalls you to the least of your subjects. Your powers are dreadful, but a very hand-worm mocks at them: your riches are without number, but the most wretched of men carry as much into the grave as you. In fine, may all the pleasures of Life make a party in Yours, yet they are but so many Roses, whose prickles only remain to you at the instant of *Death*. The horrour which environs You, chaseth

*Man bath nothing so proper to him, as the misery to which he is born.* away your greatness, the weakness which posses-  
seth you, renders unprof-  
itable your absolute pow-  
ers; and only then in that shirt, which rests upon your back, are comprised all the trea-  
sures of your Coffers. Are not these verities of importance enough to break your sleep?

I awake

I awake you then for to remembrance  
you this last time, *that you  
are men* : but destined to  
possess the place of those  
evil Angels, whose pride

*If the earth be our  
Mother, heaven, is  
our father.*

concaved the Abysses of Hell : That you are  
Men, but much more considerable for the  
government of your Reason, than your  
Kingdom. *That you are men*, but capable  
to acquire all the felicities of Heaven, if those  
of the Earth are by you disdained. *That  
you are men* ; but called to the inheritance  
of an Eternal Glory, if you have no pretence  
to any of this world.

Lastly, *that you are men* : but the living  
images of an infinite and omnipotent One.

Clear streams of immor-  
tality remount then to  
your eternal source ; Fair  
rayes of a Sun without  
Eclipse, rejoyn your selves  
then to the body of his ce-  
lestial light. Perfect pat-  
terns of the divinity, unite

*Though the body and  
soul together make  
up the man, there is  
yet as much differ-  
ence between the  
one and the other,  
as between the scab-  
byrd and the sword.*

your selves then to it, as to the independent  
cause of your Being. Well may the Earth  
quake under your feet, your Wills are keys  
to the gates of its abysses : should the Wa-  
ter or 'e-whelm again all, your hopes can-  
not

Although the puissances of the soul, work not but by the senses, the effects in this point are more noble than the cause. not be shipwrack'd. That the Air fills all things, may be; but your expectations admit of some vacuum. Though the Fire devour all things; the object of your hopes is above its flames. Let the heavens pour down in a throng, their malignant influences here below: your souls are under covert from their assaults. Let the *Sun* exhaling vapours make there-

*Man needs fear nothing, being elevated above all.*

of thunders for your ruine: you are under the protection of him who ejaculates their flashes; insomuch, that instead of hurting you, all things do you homage. The *Earth* supports you; the *Water* refresheth you; the *Air* imbreathes you; the *Fire* warms you; the *Sun* lights you, and Heaven attends you; the *Angels* honour you, the *Devils* fear you, *Nature* obeys you, and God himself gives himself to you to oblige you

*To die is proper to Man.*

to the like reciprocation. Is not this to possess with advancement all the felicities which you can hope? I dare you to wish more,

Awake

Awake thy self then Reader, and let thy conscience and thy misery, each in its turn serve thee, as a *Page* every morning, to put thee in mind, *That thou art a Man*, I mean a pourtraiet animated with *Death*, rather than with *Life*, since thou canst do nothing but die. But in this continual dying, amid the throng of *evils* and *pains* which are enjoyned to thy condition; Consider also that thou art created to possess an *Eternity* both of *life* and *happiness*, and that all these infinite good things are exposed as an aim of honour and glory to the addresses of thy will; for if thou wilt, *Paradise* shall be thine, though *Hell* gape at thee; *Heaven* shall be thy share, its delights thy succession, and God alone thy *Sovereign Felicity*.

*How happy is man,  
thus to be able to be  
as much as he de-  
sires.*

## A

## P R O L U S I V E

*Upon the E M B L E M E  
of the second Chapter.*

SWELL on, unbounded Spirits, whose vast hope  
Scorns the strait limits of all moderate scope.  
Be crescent still, fix not i'th' *Positive*,  
Grasp still at more, reach the *Superlative* ;  
And beyond that too, and beyond the Moon ;  
Yet all's but vain, and you shall find too soon  
These great Acquists are bubbles for a spurt,  
And *Death* will leave you nothing but your *Shirt*.  
Be *Richest*, *Greatest*, *Powerfullest*, and split  
Fame's *Trumpet* with the blast on't, there is it,  
That's all, a *Coffin*, and a *Sheet*, and then,  
You're dead, and buried like to *Common Men* ;  
This *Saladine* fore-saw, and wisely stoops  
Unto his *Fate*, 'midst his triumphant troops,  
A world of *weakh*, and *Afartick* spoyles,  
Guerdon his glorious military toyles,  
Ensigns, and Banners shade his armies eyes  
With flying Colours of fled enemies :  
Yet humbly he doth his chief Standard rear,  
Only his *Shirt* display'd upon a *Spear*.  
Mean while his valorous *Colonels* were clad  
In rich Coat-armours, which they forced had

From

From subdu'd foes, and't seem'd a glorious thing,  
Each man to be apparel'd like a *King*.

The very common Souldiers out-side spoke  
*Commander* now, and did respect provoke.  
Their former ornaments were cast aside,  
Which 'fore the victory were all their pride.  
To check their Pomp, with clang'ing trumpet  
sound,

A *Herald* loud proclaims in Tone profound:  
See what the *Emperour* doth present your eye,  
'Tis all, that you must look for, when you dye.  
This *Shirt* is all even *Saladine* shall have  
Of all his *Trophies* with him to the grave.  
Then be not over-heightned with the splendour  
Of your rich brav'ries, which you so much tender;  
Nor let your honours puff you, lest you find  
The breath of Fame jade ye with broken wind.

This solemn passage of this *Monarch*-story  
With greatest *Lustre* doth advance his Glory.



THE  
M I R R O U R  
W H I C H  
F L A T T E R S N O T.

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CHAP. II.

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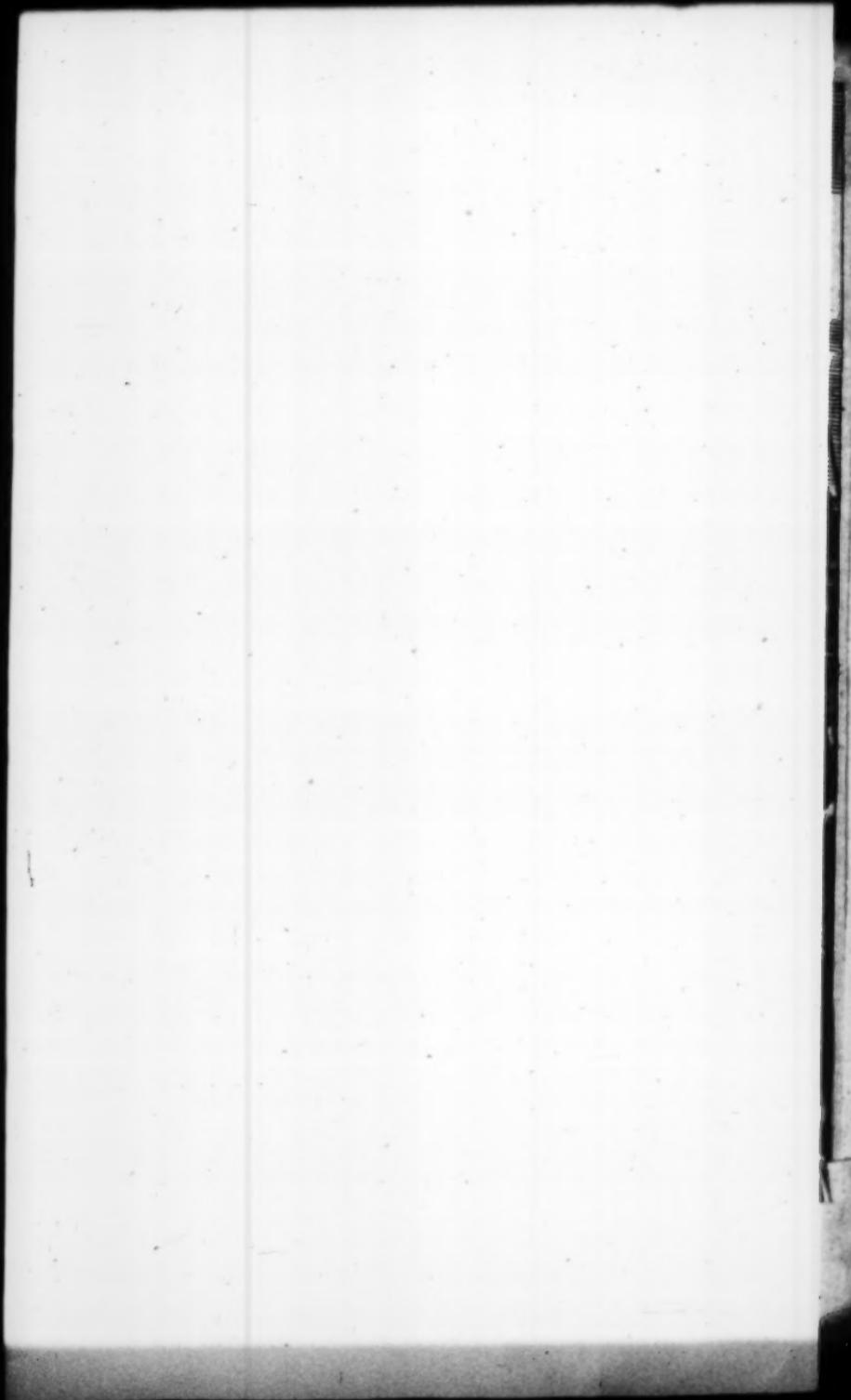
**A**Rrogant Spirits, ambitious Hearts, be silent, and lend an ear to the publick cry of this Herald, who, *The Horrorre and misery of the grave, makes the hair stand on end to the proud-spirit.* with a voice animated with horrour and affright, as well as with compassion and truth, proclaimeth aloud, in the view of Heaven and Earth, and in the presence of a world of people : That, this Great *S A - L A D I N E*, Magnificent Conquerour of *Asia*,



THIS CHART W  
THIRD CHART  
AT THE END O

---

**ART WILL BE THE  
HART APPEARING  
END OF THIS FILM.**



Asia, and Monarch of the whole East, carries away to the grave for fruit of his victories, but only a shirt, which covers the mould of his body, and even this scarpe of linnen too, Fortune leaves him, but to give the worms.

Absolute Kings, puissant Soveraigns, what will you reply to these discourses, for to you they are addrest? I doubt well, that shame, confusion and astonishment, bar your speech, and that this sensible object of your proper miseries, affects you so with truth, to force from your bosomes a thousand sighs. The greatest Monarch of

*This necessity of dying, serves for temperament to the vanity of the greatest Monarchs of the World.*

the Earth becomes at a clap so little, as not to be found, no, not in his miseries; for the wind begins already to carry away the dust whereof he was formed. The powerfulest King of the world is reduc'd to such a point of weakness, that he cannot resist the worms, after vanquishment and subjugation of entire Nations. The richest Prince of the East, takes a glory of all his treasures, to carry away but only a shirt to his Sepulchre. What can you answer to these verities?

This famous *Saladine*, the terour of men, the valour of the earth, and the wonder of the world, esteems himself so happy, and

so

so advantaged by fortune, in respect she leaves him this old ragg to cover his corruption,

*Man cannot complain of the world, since at his death he gives him a shirt, which at his birth, his mother-Nature refused him.*

that he makes this favour to be published with sound of Trumpet in the midſt of his Army, that none might be in doubt on't: What beyond this can be your preten-

sions? I grant, you may be seated like Xerxes, upon a Throne all of mafſie gold, canopied with a glistering firmament of pre- cious ſtones; and that on what ſide ſoever you turn your menacing regards, you ſee no- thing but objects humbled before your Roy- all Majesties. You never ſeat your ſelves upon theſe Thrones of Magniſcence, but as it were to take leave of the assembly, con- tinuing ſtill to give your laſt God-bwyes,

*All the ſpeeches of Men are but diſ- courses of adieu and leave taking, ſince every day he marches ſtraight forward to- ward Death.*

like a man who is upon point to depart continually, ſince he dies every moment. Inſomuch, that all this Pomp which ac- companies you, and which gives ſhadow to the luſtre

wherewith you are environed, vaniſhes away with you; and all those who are its admirers, and idolaters, run the ſame fortune, be- ing of the ſame nature.

Be

not.

Be it from me granted, that the report of your glory admits no vacuity, no more than the air does, and that your name is as well known as the Sun, and more redoubted than the Thunder : This voyce of renown is but as the sound of a Bell, which redoubles a noyse to its own detriment, to advertise those that doubt on it ; and this name so famous, and dreadful, finding no memory here below to the proof of ages, buries it self at last, in the nothingness of its beginning.

Be it again, that all the Gold of the Indies can be valued but to a part of your Estate, and that all the world together, possess less treasure than you alone ; what advantage think you to bear away, more than the most miserable of the world, that in this you should be vain ? Enjoyes not he the same Sun which lights you ? hath not he the same usage of the Elements, whereof you make use ? But if you have more than he, a gloriousness of apparel, and a thousand other superfluous things (which are altogether estranged to vertue, as being imaginary

To what purpose  
doth the renowne of  
a Man make a noise  
in the world ? the  
noise ceaseth, the re-  
nowne passeth.

The tranquillity of  
the mind and the  
health of body, are  
the only riches of the  
world.

nary goods, whose appearance alone is the only foundation) he may answer you with *Seneea*, that with whatsoever coverture a *man* hides the *shame of his nakednes*, he shall pass for well-clothed among wise men. And to come to the point; a *man* hath alwayes enough wherewith to follow his way, and to finish his voyage. The surplus is but a burden of cares, which are metamorphosed into so many bryars, when Death would discharge us of them. Besides, Riches consist but in opinion, though their treasures

*He is the most rich, who is most content.* be palpable and sensible. A man is Rich, equall to that which he believes himself to be. And though

he hath nothing, this grace wherewith he is treasured to find rest in his miseries, is above all the Gold of the world.

What difference think you there is betwixt the Rich and the Poor? Both the one and the other, are equally pilgrims and travellers, and go alike to the same place. Then, if the Rich pass through the fairer way, they re-encounter when they dye, all the thornes of those roses which they have past upon. There is no arrival to the *Haven of the grave*, without being *tempested* sooner or later, in the storm of those mis-

ties,

ries, which accompany us. And methinks it is a comfort, to suffer in good time those evils, which we cannot avoid.

*All mortals together make a dance of blind men, who in dancing run to death without seeing the way they pass.*

Rich ones, how miserable do I hold you, if the goods of the earth be your onely treasures! Rich ones, how unhappy are you, if your felicities be but of Gold, and Silver! Rich ones, how you compel my pity of your greatnesses, if you have no other Titles than those of your Lordships!

*The treasure of good works only enriches us eternally.*

Rich ones, how frightful only at the hour of Death are your names, since the misery, wherin you are born, accompanies you in the sepulchre.

True it is, that the Air of the region where you dwell, may be very temperate, the seasons of it fair, and the lands fertile: but you consider not, that while you live, you often sigh back the air which you receive; that this sweet time, which smiles on you, entertains you in flying to the season of tears, and that very soon the dung-hill of your bodies shall perhaps render the lands yet more fertile.

The Rich Men of the world have done

*The content of riches  
is like an odoriferous fume ; but it  
passes, and so doth  
their enjoyment also,  
and there is all.*

nought but past away with  
the ages, that gave them  
birth : you are born in  
this, and this very same  
goes away, and leads you  
with it, and all the rest of

Men, without skilling what you are, or in  
what fashion you are vested : well may you  
possess an infinite number of treasures ; you  
must always trot, and rise as soon in the  
morning as others : But if you play the  
slugs, and sleep too long, Death comes in

*It is strange, whe-  
ther we shift place  
and seat or no, we  
yet run incessantly  
to Death.*

the end to awake you, and  
interrupt your repose with  
an eternal disquiet. What  
will you say to this ? The  
fable of *Midas* compro-

hends in it important verities ; *Apollo* grants  
him all that he demands, he satiates the ap-  
petite of his unmeasurable ambition by the  
vertue which he gives to his touch, to be  
able to turn all things into gold. See him  
now rich for a day, his hands are as new  
Philosophers stones, which make the gro-  
est, and most impure metals, change both  
nature and price, he sees himself enround-  
ed in a moment with so great a number of  
treasures, that he begins to apprehend the  
enjoyment

enjoyment of those goods, which he desired with so much passion ; and from fear he comes to astonishment : then, when prest with hunger, all the Viands which he touches with his hands, lips, or tongue, are metamorphosed into Gold. O inseparable amazement, from a mortal grief, caused by a semblable regret, that he could not limit his ambition, but to the desire of his own ruine !

*Rich Men,* you are as so many *Midders*, since with all your treasures, you never importune heaven for any other thing, but to increase their number ; to which effect you destinate your cares, your watchings and your labours. But make no more imploring vows ; behold your selves at last heard. The glistering of your riches dazles me : your greatnesses, and magnificences give you chearful tincture ; yet let us see the reverse of the Medal.

After your so many strong wishes for Gold and Silver, their treasure remains to you for to satiate, at least in dying, the unruled appetite of the ambition of your life. Riches, I say, environ you on all sides, after  
your

*To what purpose is it to be environed with riches ? they are a strange kind of good, whereof one can enjoy the usage but for a moment only.*

your so passionate covetize of them. But in this last instant, their possession is the saddest object, which can be presented to your thoughts.

*The covetous grows poor in measure as he grows rich, since in increasing his treasures, he encrases the famine of his insatiable avarice, and thus of what he possesseth, he enjoys nothing.*

of your crimes, heaven did permit, that the instruments of your pleasure should also be the same of your punishments; considering the greatness of your miseries, by that of

*A Man carries away nothing with him at his death, but either a regret, or else a satisfaction, of an evil or a good life.*

fers, for to serve as witnesses to your heirs of the vanity of their enjoyment.

The Silk-worms, which have so much trouble to spin out of their mouths their little golden threads, think to stablish to themselves a shelter of honour, to the proof of all sorts of atteints, and on the contra-

ry,

ry, they warp the web of their own ruine. Just so, is it with the Rich ones of the world, who by an ingenious industry, imploy all their assayes, to lay solid foundations here below of an immortal life, and yet all their actions cannot but terminate in an end contrary to their designs; since they search Eternity in the circles of Ages, alwayes in revolution, and repose in the perpetual instability of all worldly things. Insomuch, that they trouble themselves to suffer much; and all their cares and pains are but as fresh sowings of \* *Marigolds*, which dying in their gardens, respring in their hearts, there to die never. Behold the end of their journey-work!

*To what effect is it to seek repose in this world? it is never to be found but in God.*

\* See the ambiguity of the French word *Soucies*, in the first Chapter.

*Treasures*, to what effect serve you me, if I must enter all naked into the grave? *Pleasures*, what becomes of your sweets, if my last sighs are but bitterness? *Grandeurs* of this life, in what stead you me, if you cannot exempt me from the miseries of death?

*LORD*, I am rich enough, in that I serve for an object of pity to thy adorable Providence, whose o're-liberal bounty fur-

74 *The Mirrour which flatters not.*

wishes me for all my dayes nourishment e-  
nough to pass them. What can I wish more?  
on what tide soever, I take my way to go  
the course of Death, I can never lose from

*Heaven is an object  
of consolation to the  
most miserable.* view the Heavens, which  
are the *Gates of thy Palace.*  
Insomuch, as if any thing

fail me, I have but to

strike there with my regards. Thou art al-  
wayes upon a ready watch, to succour the  
miserable. Supply me then, *O L O R D*, if  
it please thee, with thy ordinary charities,  
and since that hope dyes after me, I will ra-  
ther cease to be, than to hope in thee. These  
are the strongest resolutions of my soul.

We read of the children of *Isræl*, that  
*We beg of God every  
day new favours,  
and every day we  
render our selves  
unbankfull for  
those we have re-  
ceived.* having received of God  
an infinity of riches, at  
their coming out of the  
red Sea; by the wrack  
of their enemies, they  
made of their Treasures,  
Idols, and joyning in this

sort Idolatry to Ingratitude, they erected  
Altars to their brutality, since under relief  
of a brute beast, they represented their  
*God.*

But leave we there the children of *Isræl*,  
and speak of the Fathers of *B A B Y L O N*,  
I mean-

I mean those wicked rich ones of the world, to whom God hath done so great favours, in heaping them with so many goods. Are not they every day convicted of *Idolatry*, in their unacknowledgement, since the Coffers of their treasures are the *Idols* of their Temples? More beasts than brutes, in their voluntary depravedness; they offer incense to their brutish passions; and no otherwise able, but to erect them secret Altars in their souls, they there sacrifice every hour a thousand sighs to an unsatiable ambition. Insomuch, that the God of Heaven is the God of their dissimulation, and the *Calf of Gold*, the God of their belief, and opinion.

*Are we wretchedly Christians, when idolatry is more familiar to us than to infidels, since we make idols of all the objects of our passions?*

Say we then boldly, that the objects of our passions are *Golden Calves* to us, since our hearts become their *Idolaters*. One hero will sigh for love of honours, as well as for his Mistress, with design to hazard a thousand lives, and as many souls, for the conquest of their vain felicities: and see here his idolatry, making his God of these *Chimeras* of honour, which vanish away like a *Dream*, at the rouzing up of our reason.

Another there, will lose quite and clean,  
*What folly is it to seek repose in the world, which sub-sists only in revolution?* all the *peace* wherein he is, a quiet life, for to set up a rest purely *imaginary* in the amazement of treasures. And if *Heaven* hearing his votes, with design to punish him, gives some favourable success to his cares, and watchings, he becomes an *Idolater* now indeed, an *Idolater* of those goods, which as yet he adored but in hope, and renders himself miserable, for having desired too ardently felicities, which only bear the *voynce* to be so, but their usage and possession may prove as dangerous upon the earth, as  *Rocks within the Sea.*

*The goods of the earth are right evils, and at Death each one shall so experiment them.* One will have his *heart* wounded, and his *Soul* attainted with a new trick of *ambition*, and as all his

desires and thoughts are terminated to the objects of his designs, he is never in health, while the feaver of his passion is continual. I leave you to consider of what ratiocination he can be capable, during the malady of his spirit. All sorts of wayes seem equally fair unto him, for to guide him unto the port whither he aspires, having no other aim but this to acquire, at what

what rate soever, that *good* whereof he is in Quest ; and of this *Good*, it is whereof he makes his *Idol*, after a shameful immolation of the best days of his *Life*, to the anxieties of his possession.

Another, will establish his repose in the turmoyle of the *world*, turning his spirit to all winds, to be under covert from the tempests of fortune. Blind as he is, he follows this *Goddess* with the hoodwinkt eyes. Wavering as he is, he aspires but after the favours of this inconstant Deity, of which he is secretly an idolater : but if perchance she elevate him very high, there is then more hazard of his fall ; the laws of this necessity are inviolable, and one cannot avoid the rigour of them, if not avoiding their servitude. Insomuch, that after he hath sneak't himself a long time amongst the *Grandeurs* of the Earth, he finds himself enlabyrinthed in the miseries, wherein he is born, without possessing any thing in propriety, but the usance of a puff of wind, which enters once again at last into his entrals, to force thence the last sigh. And thus he becomes the *Victim* of the *Idol* of his passions, without purifying nevertheless from the sacrifice of his life the foyl of those offerings, which he hath made upon the al-

tars of *Vanity*. Behold the sad issue of this Dedalean labyrinth, wherein so many of the world take pleasure to intricate themselves.

O how Rich is he, *LORD*, who hath

*If the fruition of all  
the world together  
were to be sold, it  
were not worth so  
much trouble as to  
open the mouth only  
to say, I will not  
buy it.*

thy love and fear for his treasure ! O how happy is he, who hath for object

of felicity the contempt of these things of the world !

O how Contented is he,

who thinks always of eter-

nal delights ! To have ma-

ny riches for a hundred years, is not this to possess at the end of that term a *Good*, which is as good, as never to have been ? Taste greedily the sweets of every sort of prospe-  
rity, during the reign of a *long life* ; is it not ready to die by little and little for grief to

abandon them ? since in fly-

ing away, they intrain us

into the grave. To pant

continually for joy in the

presence of a thousand

pleasures, is it not to pre-

pare in ones breast, the

matter of as many griefs ?

since every contentment is

a disposition to a kind of

*A wicked rich Man  
is much astonisht at  
his Death, to have  
his conscience void  
of good works, and  
his Coffers full of  
money, since with  
all the gold of the  
world, he cannot  
purchase the grace of  
the last repentence.*

martyr-

martyrdom, by the necessary and infallible privation of its sweets, whereof while we taste on't, it menaceth us. In fine, to have all things at will, is it not to possess vain businesses, since the world has nothing else to offer us? The riches which Fortune gives and takes away again when she will, can never enrich a Man: it behooves him to seek his *treasure* in the mines of his *conscience*, so to be under covert from sin; for otherwise he runs the same hazard, as of the goods which he possesses, I mean in their decay, to lose himself with them. The prosperities of the earth, are once more fresh flowers of the garden, fair to the eye, and of good scent; but 'tis to much purpose to gather them, and make nose-gayes; in holding them one holds nothing, because their fragility renders them so slippery, that they 'scape both from our eyes and hands, and though their flight be slow, one day only is all their durance. The *pleasures* of the *world* are of the same nature: I grant they may have some *agreeableness* to charm our senses, yet 'twere too vain to vaunt of their possession, though one enjoys them, for so much as they *slip* away, and *vanish* without cease from our eyes; like the alwayes flitting *water-trills*. Their sway hath

so short limits, that each moment may be

*The arrival of pleasures annunciates us alwayes their speedy departure.*

the term on't. Solid contentments are only found in *Heaven*, and the only means to relish them be-

yond all sweets, is con-

tinually to muse on them, for having al-  
wayes our spirit arrested upon meditation of  
an object so delicious, our thoughts draw  
thence by their vertue this efficacy, to ra-  
vish us with joy. *I return to my first propo-  
sition;*

That the greatest Monarch of the world,

*The good or ill which we do, accompanies us to the grave.*

after possession of all things  
to his wish, and having  
led a thousand times For-  
tune her self in triumph,

upon the territories of his Empire, should  
in conclusion be exposed all naked in his  
Shirt, at the end of his carreer, to serve for  
a prey to the worm, and a shittle-cock to  
the winds. *Certes, a man must needs be*  
*very insensible, not to be toucht with affright*  
*at these truths.*

Great Kings, if you have not other Mines

*The misprizal of riches, is the onely treasure of life.*

of *Gold* more precious  
than those of the *India's*;  
you shall die as poor as you  
were born : and as *tears*

were

were the first witnesses of your *miserie*, sighs shall be the last of your *poverty*, carrying with you this *regret* into the grave, to have possessed all things, and now to find your selves in estate of enjoying nothing.

*Great Kings*, if you have no other marks of Sovereignty, but this of the large extent of your territories, the tribute which your subjects shall render you at the end of the *journal*, shall be very little, since the long spaces of your *Empire* shall be bounded with *seven foot*.

*Great Kings*, if you have no other treasures than those of the rent of your *Demeans*, all those goods are false, and the regret of their privation too true. But if you doubt of this yet, consult the dumb oracle of the *Ashes* of your *Ancestors*, and the Truth will answer for them, that they never have had any thing more proper to them than *miserie*, nothing more sensible than *disasters*, and that with all the riches which they have enjoyed during life, they have not been able to procure at the hour of *Death*, more than that *piece of linnen*, wherein they are *inveloped*.

*The rents of virtues  
Demeans are not  
subject to fortune.*

*Great Kings, if you have no other Philoso-  
pher-stone but this, The  
True valour bath no  
other object, but the  
conquest of eternal  
things.*

riches, shall be inclosed in  
the *Coffins*, wherein you shall be *buried*. For,  
all that Fortune shall give you *to day*, death  
shall take from you *to morrow*; and the day  
after, one may count you in the rank of the  
most miserable. I will again change tone.

What a contagious *malady*, in this age  
wherein we are, is this *passion* of *amassing*  
treasures! All the *world* would be rich, as if  
*Paradise* were bought with *ready money*, and

*If one knew the per-  
ill of being rich, he  
would only be in-  
love with poverty.*

that the commerce of our  
safety were a publick *Bank*,  
where the most covetous  
render themselves the  
most happy. Every one  
makes bravado of his *acquiſts*, and poyzeth  
his felicities to the ballance of his riches,  
being never able to be otherwise content,  
but in reference to the measure of what he  
is *estated in*.

There one will assume a pride to have  
ten thousand *Acres of wood*, whose revenue  
nourisheth his *passions*, and entertains his  
*pleasures*. Insomuch, that he considereth not  
that

that these trees are laden but with the fruit of these world-miseries; and of all together, he shall bear away but the branch of one only, which shall serve very soon for a *Bier* to his *carcass*. See in what consists the profit of his rents, after their account made!

We may call man a Tree, whose root is the immortal soul, and the fruits which it bears are of the same nature, either for glory or punishment.

Another will be rich only in *Meadows*, and changing his hay into *Gold* which is but *Earth*, he fills therewith his Coffers. But, Fool that he is, he thinks not that his life is a Meadow, his body the hay thereof and time the Mower, who by his example makes publick traffick of the same merchandize, changing by little and little the hay of his body into *Earth*. And is not this to be very ingenious to cheat a mans self?

The world is a Meadow, and all the objects which therein we admire, are flowers, which fade every hour.

Another's aim is only to be rich in *Buildings*, some in the countrey, some in the city; and assuming vanity from the number, as well as the magnificence of his Palaces, he believes that they are so many *Sanctuaries* of proof, against the strokes of fortune, or the

thunders of *Heaven*. What a folly is this, to esteem ones self happy, for having divers cabbins upon earth, to put himself under covert from the rain, and wind; during the short journey of life? The rain ceases, the wind is past, and life dies; and then the tempest of a thousand eternal anguishes comes to entertain him, without possibility of discovery, even from hope, one only port of safety. To be only rich then, in edifices, is to be rich in castles of paper and cards, such as little children lodge their petty cares in.

To what purpose stands it us to be richly lodged, if *every hour* of the day may be that

*We must build up on the unshakeable foundations of eternity, if a man would be sheltered from all sorts of storms.* of our *departure*? Men trouble themselves to build houses of pleasure, but the pleasures fade away, and we also, and these houses remain for

witnesses of our folly, and for sensible objects of sorrow, and grief, in that cruel necessity to which we are reduced to abandon them. It is to be considered that we are born to be *Travellers* and *Pilgrims*; and as such, are we constrained to march alwayes straight to the *gate of Death*, without ever resting, or being able to find *repose*,

repose, even in repose it self. To what then are all these magnificent Palaces, when our only retreat beats on to the grave? To what end are all this great number of structures, when we are all in the way, and point to end of our voyage? O, how well is he *housed*, that lodgeth his hope in *God*, and layes the foundations of his habitation upon *Eternity*! *A good conscience is the richest house that one can have.*

Another, designs his treasures in numerous *Shipping*, trafficking with all winds, in spight of storms and tempests: but be it granted, a perpetual calm as heart could wish, and imagine we, (as himself does) that he shall fish with *Fortune's nets*, all the Pearls of the *Ocean*; what can he do at the end with all his ventures? If he truck them away, he can gain but stuff of the same price; if he sell them, he does but change white purified earth for yellow, which the Sun purifies as well within the Mines. What will he do now with this new merchandize, or this his gold? behold him alwayes in trouble to discharge himself of so many burdens. If gold were potable, he might perhaps

perhaps nourish himself therewith for a while; but as *Midas* could not do it in the fable, he will never bring it to pass in the verity; he must needs keep watch then day and night to the guard of his riches; and well may he keep sentinel, *Death* comes to rob him of them, since at his going out of the world she takes them away from him. What appearance is there, that the treasures of the Sea should be able to make a man rich, since the possession of all the *world*

*The treasure of good works, is eternall riches.* together cannot do it. A hundred thousand ships are but a hundred thousand shuttle-cocks for the

wind, and a hundred thousand objects of shipwrack. Suppose they arrive to the Port, the life of their Master is alwayes among rocks, for 'tis a kind of ship, which cannot arrive at other shore, but at the bank of the grave. And I leave you to consider what

*Our life is a Ship, which loosing from the Haven, the cradle, at the moment of our birth, never comes ashore again, till it run aground upon the grave.*

danger he may run, if there the storm of his avaricious passion cast him. The sand-blind-sighted may foresee his ruine, and the most judicious will believe it infallible. Behold, in fine, a man rich to much purpose,

purpose, that would have drain'd by his ambition, the bottomless depths of the *Ocean*, and now to find himself in the end of his carreere, in the *abysses of hell*, having an *Eternity* of evils for recompence of an age of anxieties, which he hath suffered during his life.

Lord, if I would be rich in wood, let it be in that of thy *Cross*, and from henceforth let its fruits be my revenues, and my rents. If I would traffick in meads; Let the meditation of the hay of my life, be my only profit. If I set my self to build houses, let it be rather for my soul than for my body; and in such sort, that my good works may be the stones, and the purity of my conscience the *foundation*. And lastly, if I would travel the Seas to go to the conquest of their treasures: let my tears be the waves thereof, and my sighs the winds, and thy grace alone, the only object of my riches.

Make me then rich, O *LORD*, if it please thee, by the only *misprise* of all the treasures of the *Earth*, and teach this secret language to my heart, never to speak but of thee in its de-

*He which puts his trust in God, is the richest of the world, how poor soever he be.*

*It is already sufficient enjoyment of rest and quiet, to set up ones rest in God only.*

*sires,*

fires, nor of other than thy Self in its hopes; since of thee alone, and in thee only, lies the fulness of its *perfect felicity* and sovereign *repose*. *Let us not rest our selves in so fair a way.*

I cannot comprehend the design of these curious Spirits, who go seeking the Philosophers stone in that Spittle, where an infinite number of their companions are dead of *regret*, to have so ill employed their time. They put all they have to the quest of that which never was; and burning with desire to acquire wealth, they reduce all their own into cinders, and their *lungs* also with vehement *puffing*, without gaining other recompence at the end of their labours, but

*The love of God is this, Now to know their folly: but the Sun sets, the candle goes out, the bed of burial is prepared; there must be their Enter at the*

*Exit of so many unprofitable pains. To what purpose serves it now, to know they are fools, having no more time to be wise?*

What cruel *malady* of spirit is it to sacrifice both ones body and soul in an unlucky *Alembick*? for to nourish a vain *ambition*, whose irregular appetite can never be satisfied? Is not this to take pleasure in kind-

ling

ling the fire which consumes us? to burn perpetually with desire of being rich in this world, and yet get nothing by it: And then to burn again eternally in hell, without possibility to quench the ardour of those revenging flames: is not this to warp ones self the webb of a fate, the most miserable that ever was?

*An inclination toward the misprize of Earth, is a presage of the getting of Heaven.*

Produce we then of nothirg the creation of this Philosopher-stone, and grant we it made at present to the hearts of the most ambitious, I am content that from the miracles of this *Metamorphosis*, they make us see the marvels of a new Gallery of silver, like to that which bare *NERO* to the Capitol. I am content that they make pendant at the point of a needle, as *S E MIRAMIS*, the price of twenty millions of gold. I am content that after the example of \* *Atabalipas*, they pave their Halls with *Saphyrs*. I am pleased, that imitating *Cyrus*, they enround their gardens with perches of gold. I am content, that the *Dryades* of their fountains

\* *Atabalipas, King of Peru. The World is aptly compared to the Sea, since as the storms of this, so are the miseries of that, and like flitting billows ever rolling, so are the objects which we here admire.*

be

be composed of the same material, following the magnificences of *Cæsar*. I am content that they erect with *Pompey* an *Ampitheatre* all covered with plates of *Gold*. I am content they build a Palace of *Ivory*, there to lodge another *Menelaus*, or a *Louvre* of *Crystal* to receive therein another *Drusus*, and let (I am content still) this *Louvre* be ornamented with Court-cupboards of pearls, equall to those of *Scævus*; and with Coffers of the same price as that of *Darius*. To what will all this come to in the end? What may be the reverse of all these medals? The scorching heat of *Time*, and the Sun's beams have melted this gallery of silver; its admirers are vanish't, and its property. Even *Kome* it self hath run the like fate, and though it subsist yet, 'tis but only in name, its ruines mourn at this day the

*'Tis a Rule without exception, that all that is included in the revolution of Time, is subject to change.* death of its glory. That so Precious Pendant of *Semiramis* could not be exempt from a kind of Death, though it were in-

animate. I mean, that in its insensibility, it hath received the attaints of this *Vicissitude*, which alters and destroys all things, since it now appears no more to our eyes. All those *Saphyr-paved* Halls are

passed

passed away, though Art had enchain'd them in beautiful Workmanships. They have had otherwise a glittering lustre, like the Sun; but this *Planet* jealous of them, hath refused in the end its clearness, so much as to their ruine; insomuch, that they are vanished in *obscurity*. These gardens environed with rails of gold, have (like others) divers *Spring-times*, to renew their growth, but one *Winter* alone was enough to make them die. Those *Dryades* which enrich these fountains are fled upon their own water-trills, and scarce remains us their remembrance. That proud *Amphitheatre* of Pompey could not eternize it self, but in the memory of men, and yet we scarce know what they say, when they speak on't. That Ivory Palace of *Menelaus* goes for a fable in Histories, being buried in the *Abysses* of non-entity. That famous *Louvre* of Crystal having been bustled against by *Time*, is broken, and shivered into so many pieces, that not so much as the very dust on't subsists, but in the confus'd *Idea* of things, which have been otherwhile. All those high cup-boards of Pearl,

*Meditate here a little, how oft the face of the Earth hath been varied since its first creation.*

*There is nothing so certain in the world as its uncertainty.*

Pearl, and all those Coffers of great price  
have indeed had an appearance like light,  
hath reduc'd them into ashes, and the me  
mory of them is preserv'd in ours, but as  
*Dream*, since in effect it is no more at all.

But if the precious wonders of past-ages, great  
have done nothing but pass away together, your  
with their admirers and owners, is it not o the  
credible, that those covetous rich ones, did reliqu  
run the same fortune with all the treasures<sup>as</sup>.  
of their Philosopher-stone; and at the end Y  
of their career, what device could they Minio  
take but this very same of *S A L A D I N E*, and y  
since of all their riches, there remains them much  
at their *Death*, but only a poor *Shirt*, \* I with  
\* *Eui, & nihil am  
pliss.* bave been, sayes this great any,  
Monarch, and behold, here's the D  
all.

Why, Rich ones of the World, do you  
trouble your selves so much, to establish  
your glory here below, for to perswade us  
at the end of the journal only this, *That  
you have been?* An Atome has the same ad  
vantage: for this *creating power*, which we  
adore, after he had taken it out of the *abyss*  
of nothing, wherein you also were buried,  
made it to subsist in *nature*. Be it that you  
have been the *greatest on Earth*, yet now the  
fair

fair light of your fair dayes, is extinguish'd  
for ever. The Sun of your  
glory is eclips'd, and in an  
eternal West. And that  
your fate which inter-  
loomed the web of your  
greatnesses, together with  
your lives, lies entomb'd with your *Ashes*,  
shew us that these are the only *unhallowed*  
*reliques* which your Ambition could leave

*Yet thus is it a bles-  
sedness of our con-  
dition, thus to escape  
by little and little  
the miseries which  
are incident unto us.*

You have been then otherwhile the only  
*Minions of Fortune*, like *Demetrius*; but he  
and you are now no more any thing, not so  
much as a handful of *Ashes*: for less than  
\* *I* with an infinite power, 'twere impossible to  
great any, to reunite into a body, the parcels of  
the *Dust*, whereof your Carcasses were for-  
med, behold in what consists at this day,  
the foundation of your past glory.

You have been then otherwhile the same  
*SALADINE* the onely *Monarch* of  
the *East*, and have possest (as *He*) treasures  
without number, and honours without pa-  
parallel: But (as *He* also)  
you have done nothing  
else but pass away; and like  
him again you have not  
been able to hide your

*If virtue eternize  
not our memory, our  
life passeth away  
like the wind with-  
out leaving any  
trace.*

wretchedness,

wretchedness, but under a Scarp of *Linnen*, whereof the *Worms* have repasted, to manifest you to all the World.

In fine, you have been otherwhile the wonders of our dayes, but now you are the horrour of this present, for the only thought of the dung-heap of your *Ashes* poysons my spirit, so delicate is't; and I leave farther provocation to the incredulous, if they be willing to be stronger witnesses of it: but let us now leave personal reflections, and trouble we not the repose of *Church-yards*.

I grant, that you may be at this instant that I speak unto you, so rich and happy, that you cannot wish more of *Fortune*, nor *She* able to offer you more: Yet thus ought you to consider where you are, who you

*He which seems himself rich and happy in this world, knows not the nature of worldly happiness and riches.* are, and what are the goods which you possess. You are in the World, where all things flit away, and 'tis in this way of flying away, that you read

these verities: my meaning is, you dwell upon the same earth, whereof you are formed, and consequently you lodge upon your *Burial-places*, whose entrances will be open at all moments. To say who you are, I am ashamed, in calling

you

you by your proper names, for to remembrance you your miseries : *Corruption* conceives you, *Horreour* infants you, *Blood* nourishes you, *Infection* accompanies you in the Coffin. The treasures which you enjoy are but *Chimera's* of greatness, and apparitions of *Glory*, whereof living you make experiment, and dying you perfectly know the truth on't.

*There is nothing so constantly present with us, as our miseries, since always we are miserable enough at best.*

To what end then can stead you your present felicities, since at present you scarce enjoy them at all? for even at *this* very instant another, which is but newly upon *pass*, robs you of part of them ; and even this, giving you hint of the cosenage of his companions, *cheats* you too, as well as they ; and thus they do altogether to your *lives*, as well as your contentments ; in ravishing these, they *intrain* the others : then what remonstrance can you exhibit of esteeming your selves happy for *past* felicities, and which you have not *enjoyed* but in way of *depart*? And if this condition be agreeable unto you, still there is a necessity of setting up your *rest* at the end of the carreere : and there it is, where I attend to contribute to your vain waylings, as many resentments of

Pity.

Pity. Take we another track, without losing our selves.

How ingenious was that famous Queen of Ægypt, to deceive with good grace her Lover. She caused under-hand dead fishes to be ensnared to the hook of *Antony*, as often as the toy took him to go a fishing, to the end to make him some sport by those pleasant deceits. May we not say that *Ambition* doth the same? for when we cast our hooks into this vast *Ocean* of the *vanities* of the *World*, we fish but *Dead* things without soul, whose acquirement countervails not a moment of the *Time*, which we employ to attain it.

Had I all the goodliest fardles of the world laded on my back; I mean, had I acquired all the honours, wherewith fortune can tickle an *ambitious soul*, should I thence become greater of body? My growing time is past, would my *Spirit* thence become more

*'Tis to no purpose to be passionate for such goods as a man may lose, and the world can give no better.* excellent? these objects are too weak to ennoble her *Powers*. Should I thence become more virtuous? *Virtue* looks for no satisfaction *out of it self.*

self. Should I thence be more esteemed of the world? This is but the glory of a *Wind*, which doth but pass away. What happiness, what contentment, or what utility, would remain me then, that I might be at rest? A *Man* must not suffer himself thus to be fool'd. All honours can be but a burden to an *innocent* soul, for so much as they are continual objects of vanity, which stir up the passions, and only serve but for nourishment to them in their violences, to hurry them into all sorts of extremities. And after all, the *necessity* of *dying*, which makes an inseparable accident in our condition, *gloomes* the glittering of all this vain glory, which environs us. In the anguishes of *Death*, a man dreams not of the *Grandeur*s of his life, and being ever and anon upon point to depart, finds himself often afflicted most

*'Tis an irksome remembrance of past happiness.*

with those good things which he *possesseth*, measuring already the depth of the *fall* by the height of the place whither he is exalted.

\* He which found *Fortune* at his grate, found no  
naile to stay her wheele : But if *She* on the  
one side takes a pleasure to ruine *Empires*.

to destroy Realms, and to precipitate her favourites : Death on the other side pardons no body, alters the temperament of all sorts of humours, perverts the order of every kind of habitude ; and not content yet to beat down all these great *Colasses* of *Vanity*, which would be taken for the worlds wonders, calls to the sharing of their ruine the elements, thus to bury their materials in their first abysses, where she hath designed the place of their entombment.

What can a *Man* then find *constant* in the *all things pass a- way, and by their way tell us that we must do so too.* world, where constancy doth no where reside? *Time, Fortune, Death, our passions, and a thousand other stumbling blocks shall never speak other language to us but of our miseries, and yet we will suffer our selves like ALEXANDER to be voyc'd Immortal.* Our prosperities, our grandeurs, our very delights themselves, shall tell us, as they pass, a word in our ear, that we ought not to trust them, and yet for all this, we will never but sigh after them. Be it then at last for very *regret*, to have vented to the wind so many vain sighs, for *Chimeras* of sweets, whereof the remembrance cannot be but full of *bitterness*.

Vain

Vain honours of the world, tempt me no more : your allurements are powerfull, but too weak to vanquish me. I deride your wreaths of laurel, No security of pleasure, to enjoy such things as may every moment be lost.

Laurel, there grows more on't in my garden than you can give me. If you offer me esteem, and reputation among men, what should I do with your presents? Time devours every day the like of them, and yet more precious: I undervalue all such Good-things, as it can take away again from me.

Deceitful greatnesses of the Earth, cease to pursue me, you shall never catch me, your charms have given some bias to my heart, but not to my Soul, your sweets have toucht my senses, but not my spirit; what have you to offer me, which can satisfy me? Time and Fortune lend you all the Scepters and Crowns which you borrow, and as you are not the owners, they take them away again when they will, and not when it pleaseith you. So then, I will have no Scepters for an hour, nor no Crowns for a day. If I have desire to raign, 'tis beyond Time; that I may thus be under

Worldly greatnesses are but like Masking-cloaths, which serve him and the other but for that time.

shelter from the inconstancy of *Ages*. Trouble not your selves to follow me. This world is a mass of mire, upon which a man may make impress of all sorts of Characters, but not hinder Time to deface the draught at any time. Ambitious Spirits, fair leave have you to draw the Stell of your designs upon this ready prim'd. cloth: Some few years wipe out all. Some ages carry away all, and the remembrance of your follies is only immortal in your souls, by the eternal regret which remains you of them.

*SCIPIO* made design to conquer *Carthage*, and after he had cast the project thereof upon mould, he afterwards took the body of this shadow, and saw the effect of his desires: But may not one say, that the Trophies of his valour have been cast in rubbidge within that mass of dirt, whereof the world is composed, since all the marks thereof are effaced? *Carthage* it self, though it never had life, could not avoid its death. Time hath buried it so deep under its own ruines, that we seek in vain the place of its Tomb. I leave you to ruminante, if its subduer were himself able to resist the assaults of this Tyranny.

If *ALEXANDER* had sent his thoughts

thoughts into Heaven, there to seek a new world, as well as his desires on earth there to find one, he had not lost his time; but as he did amuze himself to engrave the History of his ambition and triumphs upon the same mass of clay, which he had conquered; he writ upon water, and all the characters on't are defaced. The Realms which he subdued, have lost some of them their names, and of this Triumpher there re-

*There is more glory  
to despise the world,  
than to conquer it:  
for after its con-  
quest, a man knows  
not what to do with  
it.*

means us but the *Idea* as of a dream, since men are ready to require *Security* even of his *Memory*, for the wonders which it preacheth to us of him.

May we not then again justly avow, that of all the conditions, to which a man may be advanced without the aid of virtue, either by Nature or Fortune, there is none more unfortunate, than to be to these a favourite, nor any more miserable than to a Great one? This inconstant goddess hath a thousand favours to lend; but to give, none but halts, poisons, poniards and precipices. 'Tis a fine

*All those who engage  
themselves to the  
service of Fortune,  
are ill paid; and of  
this, every day gives  
us experience.*

thing to see *Hannibal* begging his bread even in view of *Scipio*, after he had called in question the price of the worlds Empire-dome. Is it not an object worthy of compassion, to consider *Nicias* upon his knees before *Gilippus*, to beg his own and the *Athenians* lives, after he had in a manner commanded the winds at Sea, and Fortune at shore, in a government sovereignly absolute. Who will not have the same resentments of pity, reading the History of *Crassus*, then when by excess of disaster he surviv'd both his glory and reputation, constrained to assist at the funerals of his own renown, and undergo the hard conditions of his enemies, attending death to

*All those who hunt after Fortune, are well pleased to be deceived, since her deceptions are so well known.*

free him from servitude? Will you have no regret to see enslaved, under the tyranny of the King of *Egypt*, the great *Agæsilaus*, whose valour was the

only wonder of his Time? What will you say to the deplorable Fate of *Cumenes*; to whom Fortune having offered so often Empires, gives him nothing in the end, but Chains, so to die in captivity?

You see at what price *Men* have bought the favours of this Goddess, when many times

times the serenity of a happy life produceth the storm of an unfortunate *Death*. You may judge also at the same time, of what Nature are these heights of *Honour*, when often the *Greatest* at Sun-rise, find themselves at the end of the Day, the most miserable. And suppose Fortune meddle not with them, to what extremity of misery think you is a man reduced at the hour of his departure? All his *Grandeurs*, though yet present, are but as past *Felicities*. He enjoys no more the goods which he possesses, griefs only appertain to him in proper; and with what magnificence soe're he is environed, this object shows him but the image of a funeral *I wonder not if rich  
pomp*: his bed already ~~men be afraid of  
emblemes the Sepulchre,~~ *Death, farr to them  
it is more dreadfull  
than to any.* the Sheets his winding be enveloped. So that, if he yet conceit himself *Great*, 'tis only in *Misery*. Since all things that he sees, hears, touches, smells, and tasts, sensibly perswade him nothing else.

Give *Resurrection* in your thoughts, to Great *Alexander*, and then again conceive him at last *gasp*; and now consider in this deplorable estate, wherein he finds himself

involv'd upon his funeral couch, to what  
 Fortune sells every  
 day the glory of the  
 world to any that  
 will ; but none but  
 fools are her Chap-  
 men.

can stead him all the Grandeur of his life past, they  
 being also past with it ? I  
 grant that all the Earth be  
 his, yet you see how the  
 little load of that of his

body weighs so heavy on his soul, that it is  
 upon point to fall, grovelling under the  
 burden. I grant that all the glory of the  
 world belongs to him in proper : yet he  
 enjoyes nothing but his miseries. I yield  
 moreover, that all Mankind may be his sub-  
 jects : yet this absolute soveraignty is not  
 exempt from the servitude of pain. Be it,  
 that with the only thunder of his voyce, he  
 makes the earth to tremble : yet he himself  
 cannot hold from shaking at the noyse of  
 his own sighs. I grant in fine, that all the  
 Kings of the world render him homage :  
 yet he is still the tributary of Death.

*O Grandeur !* since you fly away with-  
 out cease, what are you  
 Omnis motus ten-  
 dit ad quietem. but a little wind ? and  
 dit ad quietem. should I be an Idolater of  
 a little tossed Air, and which only moves  
 but to vanish to its repose ?

*O Greatnesse !* since you do but pass a-  
 way, what name should I give you but that  
 of

of a Dream? Alas, why should I pass my life in your pursuit, still dreaming after you?

*O worldly Greatnesses!* since you bid *Adieu* to all the world, without being able to stay your selves one only moment; *Adieu* then, your allurements have none for me, your sweets are bitter to my taste, and your pleasures afford me none. I cannot run after that which flies: I can have no love for things Worldly Greatnesses are but childrens which pass away; and trifles, every wise man despises them. since the world hath nothing else, 'tis a long while that I have bid *Adieu* to it. It had promised me much, and though it had given me nothing, yet cannot I reproach it, finding my self yet too rich by reason of its hardness. But I return to the point.

Men of the World would perswade us, that it is impossible to find any quiet in it, that is to say, a firm settling of Spirit, wherein a The only means to be content is to settle man may be content in the conscience in his condition, without peace. ever wishing any other thing. And for my part, I judge nothing to be more easie, if we leave to Reason its absolute power. What impossibility can there be, to regu-

late a mans will to Gods? And what contradiction is't, to live upon earth of the pure benedictions of Heaven? What greater riches can a man wish than this, to be able to undergo the Decrees of his Fate, without murmuring and complaint? If *Riches* consisted only in Gold, Diamonds, Pearles, or such like things of like rarity; those which have not of them, might count themselves miserable: But every man carries his treasure in his conscience. He which lives without just scandal, lives happily; and who can complain of a happy life?

But if to have the hap of these felicities.

*Riches are of use to humane life, but not of necessity; for without them a man may live content.* of this life, a man judge presently, that he ought of necessity to have a great number of riches:

This is to enslave himself to his own opinion, abounding in his proper Sence, and condemning Reason for being of the contrary part. I know well, that a man is naturally swayed to love Himself more than all things of the world, and that this love proceeds from the passion of our interest, seeking with much care and pain, all that may contribute to our contentments; and whereas Riches seem to be Nurses of them, this consequence

is.

is incident to be drawn, that without them is no contented living. But at first dash, it is necessary to distinguish this love into Natural and Brutal; and believe, that with the illumination of Reason, we may purifie the relishes of the first, even to the point of rendering them innocent, without departing from our interests, and consequently the enjoyment of our pleasures, giving them for object, the establishment of our settled content, in misprision of all those things of the world, which may destroy it.

*When reason reigns,  
the passions obey.*

As for this brutish *Love*, which estranging us from God, separates us also from ourselves; the passion of it becomes so strong by our weakness, that without a special Grace we grow old in this malady of Spirit, of contenting our Senses, rather than obeying our Reason, making a new god of the Treasures of the Earth. But in conclusion, these gods abandon our bodies to the Worms, and our souls to the Devils. And for all their *Riches*, the greatest *Great ones* can only purchase a glorious Sepulture. Is not this a great advantage, and a goodly consolation?

Maintain we boldly, that a man may  
fiude:

*He whose will sub-  
mits to Gods will,  
lives ever content.*

finde quietness of life in  
all sorts of conditions,  
with the only *richness* of a  
tractable Soul, resign'd to  
take the time as it comes, and as God sends  
it, without ever arguing with his provi-  
dence. There is no affliction, whereto our

*The Spirit of a Man  
will bear his infir-  
mity.*

Soul cannot give us as-  
swage. There is no ill  
whereto it self is not ca-  
pable to furnish us a reme-  
dy. A man, how miserable soever, may  
finde his contentment amidst his miseries, if  
he lives for his souls more than for his bo-  
dies behalf. God makes us to be born  
where he will, and of what Parents he  
pleases : if the poorness of our birth ac-  
company us even to death, he hath so or-  
dained it : what can we else do, but let him  
so do? Can he be accounted miserable, that  
obeys with good grace his Soveraigns de-  
crees?

O! how is it far more easie to undergo

*'Tis a greater dan-  
ger to be very rich,  
than very poor : for  
riches often makes  
men lose their way,  
but poverty keeps  
them in the straight  
path.*

the burthen of much po-  
verty, than of great riches! For a man extreamly poor  
is troubled with no  
thoughts more important,  
than onely how to finde  
means.

means to pass his life in the austuries whereunto he is already habituated, without repining after others fortune, as being estranged equally both from his knowledge and reach; in which respects, he may well be stiled *happy*. But a man very *rich*, dreams of nothing but to eternize the continuance of his dayes (although his fancy be in vain) instead of letting them quietly slide away; insomuch, that being possest with no passion more than love of life, he thinks alwayes to live, and never to die. But *Death* comes ere he thinks on't, and taking from him all to his very shirt, constrains him to confess that *riches* are only profitable by misprision; Death cannot be said to deceive any body, for it is infallible, and yet the world complains of it. since by the contempt a man makes of them, he may become the *richest* of the world.

O what a sensible pleasure 'tis to be *Rich*, say worldly men alwayes! but I would fain know, in what consists this contentment? What satisfaction can there be had to possess much treasure, knowing what an infinite number of our companions are reduced to the last point of poverty? Some in Hospitals, where they lye in straw, overwhelmed with a thousand fresh griefs.

Others.

ETO The Mirrour which flatters not.

Others at the corner of a street, where a piece of a dung-hill serves them at once, both for bed and board. Some again in Dungeons, where horrour and affright, hunger and despair tyrannize equally over their unfortunate spirits. And others in some Desert, to which ill Fate has confined them, to make their ills remediless, as being far removed from all sorts of succours. How with the knowledge of these truths, a man shall be able to relish greedily the

*There is no emptiness in nature, for miseries fill all.* vain sweets of worldly riches, it must needs be for want of reason or pity, and consequently to be al-

together brutish or insensible. I shall have (suppose) a hundred thousand Crowns in rents, and all this Revenue shall serve but to nourish my body and its pleasures, without considering, that a hundred thousand poor souls sigh under the heavy burden of their miseries every day: and yet men shall esteem me happy in being rich in this fate. *O how dangerous are the treasures, which produce these felicities!*

Is it possible, that the Great ones of the world do not think at all  
*It is a brave generation, to be sensible in the middle of their of other mens miseries.* Ecarts, of the extream poverty,

erty of an infinite number of persons, and that in themselves they do not reason secretly in this sort ; What ? in this instant that we satiate the appetite of our senses, with all that nature hath produced most delicious for their entertainment ; a million and many more poor souls, are reduced to this extremity, as not to have one onely crumb of bread. And in this serious thought what relish can they find in their *best-cook'd-eates*, and in their sweetest condiment ? does not this important consideration, mingle a little bitterness ? But if their spirits estrange themselves from these meditations, and fasten to objects more agreeable ; O how hard of digestion is the second service of their collation ! *He which cannot love his neighbour, hath no love for himself.*

To speak ingenuously, every time when I consider in that condition exempt from want, wherein God hath given me birth, and wherein his goodness (which is no other than himself) keeps me still alive ; I say, when I consider the misery to which the greatest part of the world is reduced, I cannot be weary of blessing this adorable Providence, which grants me to see from the haven, the tempests wherein so many spirits

spirits are tossed, which Grace to me alone  
*All in God is ador- (me thinks) is all extra-  
able, and all in- ordinary; to see my self  
comprehensible; we under shelter, from so  
must then adore, many evils, wherewith so  
and be silent. many persons are afflicted.*

By what means could I deserve, before the Creation of all things, that this sovereign Creator should design me from the abysses of nothing, to give me *Being*, and a *Being* moreover of *Grace*, making me to be born in a *Golden age*, in a *Christian Kingdom*, and in a City of the *Catholick Faith*; for to be instructed and brought up as I have been in the only Religion, wherein a man may find his *Salvation*? and with all these benefits, moreover, to elevate me above the *temptations* of poverty and misery.

Are not these most pure favours which would require of this *Eternal O N E*, (who hath bestowed them on me) the term of an *Eternity*, that I might be able to arrive to some small condigne acknowledgement of them? The most miserable wretch of the world, wherein did he differ from me in way of merit of some portion of these favours, which he possesseth not; since that before time was, he and I were nothing at all, and yet from all eternity God hath bestowed

flowed these things on me in precedency, rather than on him? At least (say I) it did behove me, that since the first moment, I was capable of reason, I had employed all those of my life past in the continual meditation of so many, and so great benefits, whereof to reach the reason 'twere to find the bottoms of the abysses of this infinite mercy, to which I remain infinitely indebted. And coming to the point, ought not I in this preheminence of mine contribute all my power to the succour of him, who enjoyeth not my happiness, to the end, thus to deserve in a manner, some party of them under the favour of merits from this great God, who only gives reward to those good actions.

*The nearest way  
from Earth to Hea-  
ven is by Charity.*

which he makes me do? Can I refuse to be charitable to him, who only begs some good of me, but to render me worthy of that, which I have received from heaven? I shall have all things to my wish amidst my pleasures, when Deaf it self is deaf to his plaints, in extremity of his pains. And shall not I give him some sort of consolation, either in good office, or in pity, being thereunto obliged by yet more powerful reasons?

*Great ones of the World, you are more miserable than these miserable ones, even in the mid'st of your felicities, if the recite of their evils*  
*Earthly greatness is the least gift of heaven.*

give you not some touch. You have riches more than they : but God hath given you these, but to *chear* their poverty. As well also, though they now are yours, shall they take leave of you, at the *Even* of your depart : and if of them you carry any thing away, it shall be only the interests of that which you have left ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> poor ones.

*Great worldly ones!* how is your fate worthy of compassion rather than Envy, if you have no other Paradise than your riches ?

*Grandees of the World !* How soon will the source of your contentments dry up, if only your treasures give it spring-head ?

*Great worldly ones !* Of how short endurance shall be your prosperities, though an Age must needs at last should be limit to their despair. course ; since at the end of that term you must die eternally, and die in a pain alwayes living. Suggelt to your selves often these importancies. *Visit, and turn over the leaf to read more of them.*

When

When I consider the great number of Emperours, Kings, Princes, and Lords, which have governed the *World*, and the Battels which they have given for its conquests, since the moment of its creation ; I remain all amaz'd, not able to find bounds nor measure in this amazement. How many several Masters may a man imagine then, that the *World* hath had ? and how many times conquered, dividing it into divers Empires, King-domes, and Lordships ?

*Hours, Dayes, Years, and Ages, may well be different ; but the world is still the same.*

Well, yet the *World* hath still remained the same,

and in the same place still : but its Emperours, Kings, Princes, and Lords, are vanished away, one at the heels of another ; *and all their conquests have serv'd them only as matter of pass-time,* since all their combats and battels, have had no other price of Victory, but upon the same earth, where their glory and bodies remain together enterred.

O goodly childish sport, to amuze themselves about conquering some little point within the limits, wherewith the Universe is bounded ! Ask but *Alexander* what he hath done with the booties of his Conquest. When he had taken away all, he had yet nothing,

nothing, and of himself now remains there nothing at all. *Ambition, behold the reverse of thy Medal!*

**L O R D,** Preserve to me alwayes, (if it  
 Why should any love please thee) this humour  
 the world, which wherein I now find my  
 deceives all that self, to misprize all the  
 trust in it? things of the world, and  
 It too, with passion. Give me a heart wa-  
 vering and inconstant, to this end, that it  
 may unceasantly change from all worldly  
 Love, till it be subjected to the sweet Em-  
 pire of thy Love. Render, render ever-  
 more my spirit unquiet, untill that it hath  
 found its repose in thee alone, the foun-  
 dations of such a rest are unremoveable. I  
 will give for nothing all my pretensions on  
 earth; for thereto pretend I nothing at all.  
**Heavens only is my mark and aim.** Now you  
 shall see soon the end of the Chapter.

How was it possible that the glory of those  
 These wise worldly brave Romans of former  
 ones have had no o- time could any way ar-  
 ther recompence of rive to that point (though  
 their folly, but such they aimed at it) whereto  
 a blast of Fame's the renown of Rome it self  
 Trump. could never attain? What  
 a folly was it, that they sought immortality  
 amidst

amid'st this inconstancy of Ages, where Death only was in his Kingdome : for they assisted every day, at the funeral of their renowned companions, and after they had seen their bodies reduced into ashes, they might, with the same eye, moreover, contemplate their shadows, I mean their statutes, metamorphosed into dust, and all their reputation served but as a wind to bear them away into an infinity of *abysses*, since, as a Wind, being nothing else; it flyes away with these heaps of ruine, so far both from the eye, and all memory, that, in the end, there is no more thought on't.

In effect, all these *Great Men* of the World did see buried every moment the hope of this vain Glory, whereof their ambition was always labouring to make acquisits; and yet not one of them for all this slipt back; as if they took a pride in their vanities, and the folly of them were hereditary. *CÆSAR* had seen the death of *Pompey*, and with him all the glory of his Renown; and

*Ambition never elevates, but to give a greater fall.*

*Pompey* had seen buried in the tomb of Time, and *Oblivion*, the Renown of that great *Scipio*, whose valour (more redoubted than the thunder) had made the Earth tremble

tremble so oft. *Scipio* in his turn might have read the Epitaph, which despair, shame, and disaster, had graven in letters of Gold upon the Sepulture of *Hannibal*. And *Hannibal* might have learn'd to know by the unconstancy of the age, wherein he liv'd, before he made experimt of them, the misfortunes, and miseries, which are inseparable to our condition. And yet notwithstanding, all of them stumbled one after other, upon one and the same stumbling stone.

I am not come into *Persis*, for the ~~richest of the~~ *quest of treasures*, said *Alexander* to *Parmenio*: take ~~found as poor as the~~ thou all the riches, and ~~poorest companion~~. leave me all the Glory: but after good calculation, neither of them both had any thing at all. These riches remained in the wofld still, to which they properly appertained, and this vain-glory saw its lover die, without it self being seen. Insomuch, that after so great conquests, the worms have conquered this great *Monarch*, and as the dung-hill of his ashes has no sort of correspondence with this so famous name of *Alexander*, which otherwhile he bore: 'tis not to be said, what he hath been, seeing what he is now, I mean his present wretchednesses

tdnesses afface every day the memory of his  
past greatnesses.

Ambitious spirits ! Though you should conquer a thousand worlds, as he did this one, you should not be a whit richer for all these Conquests. The Earth is still as it was, it never changes nature. All her honours are not worth one tear of repentence : all its glory is not to be prized with one sigh of contrition. I grant that the noise of your Renown may resound through the four corners of the Universe : That of SALADINE which went round it all, could not exempt him from the mishaps of life, nor miseries of Death. After he had encoffered all the riches of the East, yet he finds himself so poor for all that ; hardly can he take along with him so much as a shirt.

Embalm then the Air which you breathe, with a thousand Odours ; be served in Plate of Gold, lie in Ivory, swim in Honours, and lastly, Let all your actions glitter with magnificence ; the last moment of your life shall be judge of all those, which have preceded it : then shall you be able at your Death, to tell me the worth of this vain glory, whereof you have

'Tis the greatest hor-  
our of death, to ren-  
der account of all

the moments of life.

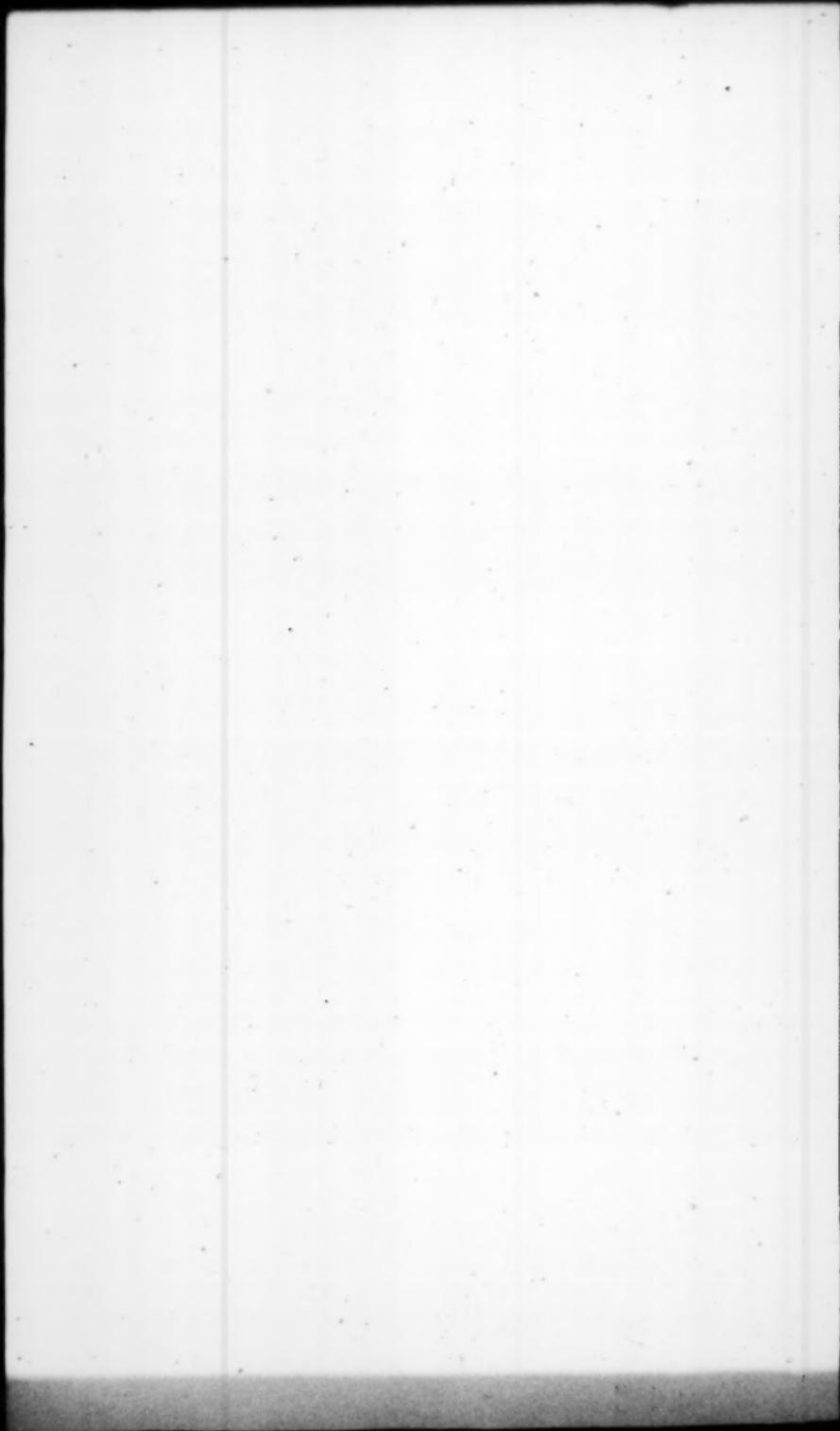
have been *Idolaters*; and after your *Death*, you shall resent the pains of an eternal regret, having now no more opportunity to repent you to any effect.

Believe me, all is but *Vanity*; *Honours*, *Glory*, *Riches*, *Praise*, *Esteem*, *Keputation*, All this is but smoak during Life, and after *Death*, nothing at all. The *Grands* of the world have made a little more noise than others by the way. But this noise is ceas'd, their light is extinguish'd, their memory buried. And if men speak of them sometimes, the answer is returned with a shake of the head, intimating no more words of them, since such a *Law of silence*, *Time* hath imposed hereon. Seek your *Glory* in *God*, and your *Honour* in the contempt of this earthly *Honour*, if you will eternize your renown, in the perpetuity of Ages. *I have no more to say to you, after these truths.*



**THIS CHART WI  
FOURTH CHART  
AT THE END O**

RT WILL BE THE  
CHART APPEARING  
END OF THIS FILM.



A  
P R O L U S I V E  
Upon the E M B L E M E  
of the third Chapter.

A Funeral Herte with wreaths of Cypress crest-  
ed,

A Skeleton with Robes Imperial vested,  
Dead march, sad looks, no glorious circumstance  
Of high Atchievements, and victorious Chance.  
Are these fit Trophy's for a Conquerour?

These are the Triumphs of the Emperour

ADRIAN, who chose this Sable Heraldry  
Before the popular guilded Pageantry.

Stead of Triumphant Arches he doth rear

The Marble Columns of his Sepulcher;

No publick honours wave his strict intent,

To shrine his Triumph in his Monumens.

The Conscript Fathers and Quirites all

Intend his welcome to the Capitol.

The vast expence one day's work would have cost,

He wiser far (since t'other had been lost)

To build a Mausolaeum doth bestow,

Which now at Rome is call'd

Saint \* Angelo;

Where to this Day, from A-

lim Adrian's Name,

This Aelian \* Bridge doth still

revive his fame.

\* Moles Adriani nunc  
Castrum S. Angelii.

\* Pons Aelius.

G

Now

Now was the peoples expectation high,  
 For wonted Pomp, and glitt'ring Chevalry :  
 But so their *Emprour* doth invite 'em all,  
 Not to a *Shew*, but to his *Funeral*.

They look for *Gew-gaw* fancies ; his wise scorn  
 Contemns those Vanities, leaves their hope for-  
 lorn.

For since all's smother'd in the *Funeral Pile*,  
 He will not dally with 'em for a while.

This was *Self-Victory*, and deserveth more  
 Than all the Conquests he had won before.

What can *Death* do to such a man, or *Fate*,  
 Whose Resolutions them anticipate ?

For since the *Grave* must be the latter end,  
 Let our preventing thoughts first thither tend.

Bravely *Resolv'd* it is, knowing the  
 worst

What must be done at *last*, as good as  
 first.

THE



THE  
M I R R O U R  
W H I C H  
F L A T T E R S N O T.

CHAP. III.

**O** How Glorious is the Triumph over  
*Death* ! O how brave is the *victory*  
over a Mans self ! You see how  
\* this great *Monarch*, tri- \* Adrian,  
umphs to day over that  
proud triumpher *Death*, after the hap-  
py vanquishment of his passions. He  
enters into his *Empire* by the Port of his  
*Tomb*, thus to reign during his life, like a  
man that dies every moment ; he celebrates  
himself his own *Funerals*, and is led in Tri-  
umph to his *Sepulchre* to learn to die gene-  
rously.

rously. What a glory's this to over-awe *That*, which commands the whole world? What Courage is this, to assail and combate *That*, which none could ever yet resist? And what a power is it, to tame *That*, which never yet yielded? *Echo* her self hath not rebounds enow to resound aloud the wonders of this *Victory*.

This is not the Triumph of *Alexander*, when he made his entry into *Babylon*, mounted upon a Chariot as rich as the *Indies*, and more glistering than the *Sun*.

In this we see no other riches, but the rich contempt, which ought to be made of them; no other lustre, but of *Vertue*.

This is not the Triumph of *Cesar*, then, when he was drawn unto the *Capitol* by forty Elephants, after he had won twenty four battels. In this, we see nought else but a *Funeral* pomp; but yet so glorious, that *Death* her self serves for a *Trophy* to it.

This is not the Triumph of *Epaminondas*, where the glorious lustre of the magnificence sham'd the splendour of the day, which yet lent its light to it. The Marvels which appear'd in this here, seem'd as celebrating in black the *Exequies* of all the other braveries of the world.. since nothing can be seen more admirable than this.

This

This is not the Triumph of *Aurelian* where all the graces are led captive with *Zenobia*. To triumph over vice, is the noblest Trophy. In this are to be seen no other captives but the world, and all its vanities, and their defeat is the richest Crown of the *Victor*.

This is not the Triumph of that pompous Queen of *Egypt* entring into *Cilicia*, where the rais'd admiration to her self in a Galley of unutterable value : but in this we contemplate the more than humane industry of a Pilot, who from the mid'st of the storms and tempest of the world, recovers happily to the Port, the ship of his life, though yet but in the way to approach to it.

In fine, this is not the Triumph of *Sesostris*, whose stately Chariot four Kings drew. Passions are the only slaves of this, and *Death* being here vanquisht, this honour remains immortal, and the name of the Triumpher.

Say we then once again, 'O how glorious a Triumph is this, over *Death* ! O how brave is the victory over our selves ! and the onely means thus to vanquish a mans self, is to bury his All the glory of men vanisht away with them. ambition

tion before his body be *ensepulchred*, preparing nevertheless the tomb of both ; to the end, that the continual remembrances of *Death*, may serve for temperament and moderation to the delights of life.

We read of *Paulus Aemilius*, that returning to *Rome* laden with wreaths of *Laurel*, after the famous victory over the *Perians* ; he made his entrance of triumph with so great Pomp and Magnificence, that the Sun seemed to rouze it self many times, as if upon designe to contemplate these wonders.

*Pompy* desirous to expose to the view of day, all the magnificent Presents, which Fortune had given him in his last conquests, entred now the third time in Triumph into the City of *Rome*, where the noyse of his valour made as many Idolaters, as admirers ; gaining Hearts, and now conquering Souls, as well as before Realms and Provinces : But it seems, that the Glory, which accompanied him in this action, had this defect, not to be sufficiently worthily known, even of those that were witnesses of it, as surpassing by much, all that they could possibly express of it.

There was seen advanced before his Chariot, in ostentation, a Checker-work composed

posed of two sorts of pre-  
cious stones, whose beauty  
set them beyond all price: *Vanity is a dan-  
gerous enemy, is flatters, only to  
surprise.*  
But yet (me thinks) their *surprise.*

Sparkling might have in good time been a light to him, if by a feeling of fore-sight, touching the inconstancy of his fortune, he had caused to have been graven thereon the History of his mishaps. There was admired in sequel, a *Statue* of the Moon, all of Gold, in form of a *Crescent*; and I am astonish'd, that this Image of change and *Vicissitude*, made him not foresee the deturning of the wheel, I mean the storm, that was to succeed the calm of his happiness. He caused moreover to be carried before him a great number of Vessels of Gold, never thinking that *Death* might soon replenish some part of them with his ashes. There was seen to follow a Mountain all of Gold, upon which were all sorts of Animals, and many Trees of the same matter, and this Mountain was enrounded with a Vine, whose golden glittering dazled the eyes of all that considered his wonders. This proud *Triumpher* was the *Orpheus*, *Ambition is an incurable disease of the soul, if in good time it be not looked to.* which to the *Lyrick* sound of his Renown, attracted

this Mountain, these Animals, these Trees, this Vine. But as *Orpheus*, so him also, Fortune destinated a Prey to the fury of *Bacchinalis*, I mean the Eunuchs which put him to Death. Three Statues of Gold, first *Jupiter's*, then of *Mars*, and then of *Pallas*, came after. These were his Gods and his Goddesses : what succours could he expect from these Deities, which had no substance, but in statue, and the copy of whose Pourtraicture had no principal? There was

had in admiration moreover, thirty Gar-  
*A man had need to lands all of Gold, and  
have an excellent Pearls : but these Crowns  
memory, not to for- were too weighty for his  
get himself among head, from whence it  
his honours.*

came to pass, that he fell

under the burden. A golden Chappel followed after, dedicated to the *Muses*, upon which was a great Horologe of the same materials: And as the Index still turned, ought not he to have considered, that the hour of his triumphing began to pass away, and that of his overthrow would presently sound, being sequel to the Laws of that vicissitude, to which Fate hath subjected all things? His Statue of Gold enriched with Diamonds, and Pearls, whereof nor he himself, nor he that enwrought them, knew

the

the value followed in its course, and in fine, this his shadow was more happy than the true body, as having never been scuffed with, but by time, and the other was vanquished with misery. Then appeared the Great Pompey, seated upon a Throne where He and Fortune seemed to give Laws to the whole World: for his Triumphal Chariot was so richly Glorious, so magnificent in Rarities, so splendid in new, and ne're before-seen wonders, that a ravishment surprised mens spirits, elevating them at once from admiration to extasie, not giving them leisure to make reflection upon the present realties. But this Triumphal Chariot still rowled about, and though the Triumpher remained seated in his place, yet his

*Be it our constant meditation, of the inconstancy to which all worldly things are subjected.*

Fortune turned about likewise. Insomuch that in going to the Capitol, he approacht by little and little to the bank, where his life and happiness were equally interred.

In fine, for the fulness of Glory, These proper names of the Conquells, which he had made, were read in Golden Characters: The Kingdom of *Pontus, Armenia, Cappadocia, Paphlagonia,*

*S. Pliny's Natur. History, 9. Book, 26. Chapter.*

*nia, Medea, Colchis, the Hiberians, the Al-  
banians, Syria, Cilicia, Mefopotamia, Phœni-  
cia, Palestina, Judea, Arabia, and all the*

*Rovers of all the Seas.*

*Pride is the passion  
of Fools : for what  
a fenselessness is it,  
so to be proud, having  
so many miseries a-  
bout us, which are  
incident to mortal  
man.*

*Who can be comparable  
to this proud Conquerour?  
and yet (I say it) having  
conquered and subjugated  
the greatest part of the  
Earth, Fate permits him*

*not so much, as to expire*

*upon it ; and the Sea yet more treacherous,  
prepares him shipwrack in mid'st of the  
Port.*

*What resemblance, and what correspon-  
dence can there be now, between this Tri-  
umph so sumptuous, so stately, and magni-  
ficent ; and that, whose presentation I show  
you ; where *lowliness, humility and misery**

*How poor is the va-  
nity of man, having  
no other grounds  
but *humane frail-  
ty* ?*

*hold the first rank, and  
possess the highest places ?  
Assuredly the difference is  
great, but yet this inequa-  
lity here is glorious, since*

*it brings along with it the price of that  
virtue, whereof Pompey despised the con-  
quest. He, in his Triumph, raised wonder  
to the beauty of those two great precious  
Stones. But the Sepulchral Marbles, which*

*appeared*

appeared in this of *ADRIAN*, were of another estimate, because prudence values them above all price, putting them to that employment, to which she had destinated them. Again, if he expose to view in vessels of Gold, Mountains, Animals, Trees, Vines, Statues, of the same matter ; This Herse covered with black, which serves for ornament to this Funeral Pomp, contains yet much more treasure, since the contempt of all together is graven therein. He makes ostentation of his Statue of Gold, enricht with Pearls : but our Monarch takes as much Glory without them, shewing in his own bare Pourtraint, the original of his miseries. That proud conquerour had a thousand Garlands, and golden Coronets, as a no-  
Except the Crown  
of Virtue, all o-  
vell Trophy : But ours  
ther are subject to  
here crowns himself with change.

*Cypress* during his carreere of life, to merit those palms which await him in the end. In fine, *Pompey* is the Idol of hearts, and souls ; and his Triumphal Chariot serves as an Altar, where he receives the vows and Sacrifices : But this Prince, instead of cau-  
sing Idolaters, during the sway of his Ma-  
jesty, immolates himself up to the view of Heaven, and Earth, dying already in his

own Funerals, and suffering himself to be as it were buried by the continual object, which dwells with him of *Death* and his *Tomb*. But if Pompey lastly boast himself to have conquered an infinite number of

\* *Adrian.* *Realms*, or all the world together ? \* This Man

having never had more enemies than his passions, hath sought no other glory but to overcome them, and in their defeat, a Man may well be stil'd the Conquerour of Conquerours ; for the Coronal wreaths of this Triumph, fear not the Suns extremity, nor the Ages inconstancy. *We must pass on further.*

*Isidore*, and *Tranquillus*, do assure us, that *All the objects of vanity are so many enemies, against which we ought to be always in arms.* to carry away the glory of a Triumph, it was necessary required to vanquish five thousand enemies, or gain five victories, as it is reported of *Cæsar*. The consent of the Senate was also to be had. And the Conquerour was to be cloathed in Purple, and Crowned with Laurel, holding a Scepter in his hand, and in this sort he was conducted to the Capitol of *Jupiter*, where some famous Oratour made a *Panegyrick* of his prouess.

What

What better *Allegory* can we draw from these prophane truths, than this of the *Victory*, which we ought to have of our *five Senses* (as of five thousand enemies) whose defeat is necessary to our triumph. These are the *five Victories*, which he must gain, that would acquire such *Trophies*, whose glory is taken a-way, neither by time nor *Death*.

*Still to wage war  
against our passi-  
ons, is the way to  
live in peace.*

This consent of the Senate is the Authority of *our reason*, which alone gives value and esteem to our actions, and 'tis of her that we may learn the means in obeying her command over our passions, and by the conquest of this sway, triumph over *our selves*, which is the bravest victory of the World.

These Scepters and Crowns are so many marks of Sovereignty, which remain us in propriety after subjection of so many fierce enemies. *Heaven* is the Capitol, whither our good works conduct us in triumph, and where the voyce of Angels serves for Orators, to publish the Glory of our deeds, whose Renown remains eternal.

These great *Roman Captains*, which made Love to *Vertue*, though with-

*'Tis not all, to love  
Vertue; 'tis the pra-  
-ties.*

out

out perfect knowledge of it, have sought for Honour and Glory in the overthrow of their enemies : but they could never find the shadows of solid Honour, which thus they sought ; from whence it came to pass, that they have fashioned to themselves divers *Chimera's*, for to repast their fancy too greedy of these cheating objects. Not that there is no glory in a Conquest : but 'twas their ambition led them along in Triumph, amidst their own Triumphing.

What honour had *Cæsar* born away, if he had joyned to his Trophies the slavery of *Cleopatra* ? he had exposed to view a Captive Queen, who otherwise had subje&ed him to her Love-dominion. But if the for-

*He triumphs with an ill grace, o're whom his vice triumphs.* tune of the war had delivered him this Princeſs, the fate of Love would have given, even himself into her hands. Infomuch, that the Death of *Cleopatra* immortalized the Renown of *Cæsar*.

*Asdrubal*, according to *Justin*, triumphed four times in *Carthage*, but this famous Theatre of Honour, where Glory it ſelf had appeared ſo often upon its Throne, ſerves in conclusion for a Trophy to a Conquerour ; infomuch, that it buried at once the

Renown,

Renown, and Memory, even of those that had presented themselves triumphant personages.

To day *Memphis* is all Triumphant, and on the morrow this proud City is reduced to slavery. To day the report of its Glory makes the world shake, and on the morrow Travellers seek for it upon its own site, but find it not. O goodly triumph! O fearful overthrow! What continual revolution of the wheel! *Marcellus* shews himself at point of day upon a magnificent Chariot of Triumph, and at Sun-set his Glory and his Life finish equally their carreere. I mean, in the twinkling of an eye, Fortune takes away from him all those Laurel-wreaths which she had given him, and leaves him nothing at his death, but the regret of having liv'd too long.

*It may be some consolation in all our miseries, to see all else have their changes, as well as we.*

*Marius* triumphed diverse times, but with what Tempests was the Ship of his Fortune entertain'd? Behold him now elevated upon the highest Throne of Honour; but if you turn but your head, you shall see him all naked in his Shirt, half-buried under the mire of a common Sink, where the light of the day troubles him, not being able

to endure the *Sun*, a witness of his misfortunes. Behold him first, I say, in all abundance of *Greatness*, and *Sovereignty*, whereof the *Splendour* dazles the world; but stay a little, and you shall hear pronounced the sentence of his *Death*, being abandoned even of himself, having no more hope of safety.

How pompous and celebrious was the *Triumph of Lucullus*? In which, he rais'd admiration to the magnificence of an hundred Gallies, all-armed in the Prow; a thousand Chariots, charged with Pikes, Halberts, and Corselets, whose shocking tumbles sounded so high, it frightened the admirers, though they celebrated the *Festival of the Victory*. The number of vessels of Gold, and other ornaments of the *Triumph*, was without number. The Statue of *Mithridates* also of Gold, six foot high, with the Target all covered with precious Stones, serv'd anew to the *Triumph*. And of this *Glory* all the world together was an *adorer*; for the *Renown* of the *Conquerour* had diverse times surrounded the *Universe*.

But, what *shame* after so much *Glory*!

*Great men cannot commit little faults.* what *infamy* after so great Honour! *Lucullus*, victorious over so many Empires,

pites, is found in fine subjeeted under the dominion of his *pleasures* : his *valour* has made many *slaves* every where, and yet his *sofisness* renders him in the end *slave* to his own *passions*. Insomuch, that after he had exalted the *splendour* of *Rome's* beauty, by his brave *actions*, worthy admiration, he again blouzeth its *lustre* by his excessive *deboches*, all black with *vice*. And now 'tis in vain to seek for *Lucullus* triumphant, since he is only to be found overthrown in reputation, in which he survives ; thus rendring himself doubly miserable.

We read of *Epaminondas*, that returning victorious from the *Leu-  
thrians*, he received with *Plutarchus* in *A-  
pophteg. Reg. in  
bonour of Triumph*, which *Tristis sollicitus*  
the Senate had prepared *susque circumvisus  
urbem.*

him, apprehending evermore the *return* of the *Wheel* : so that the next morrow after the *Festival*, he took on him *mourning habit*, to prepare himself betimes to suffer the *change* of his *Fortune*.

It is remark'd in the History of *Demetrius*, that entring in *Triumph* into *Athens*, the people cast flowers, and an infinite number of golden Globes up and down the streets, for a sign of a sumptuous congratulation.

lation. But what sign of *Vicissitude* and frailty could there be more apparent, than this, which these flowers represented, since there is nothing more frail in Nature than they ? And these balls

shewed also by their round and still-rouling figure, that the Glory whereof they were the symbol, and *Hieroglyphick*, could not be firm, and stable, according as Truth it self soon after published by a sudden change, which rendred the fate of this Victor deplorable.

Consider a little upon the same subject, what revolutions hath the Ball of Empire

*In like respect also we are as Bowles,* made since the first March let it fall at his for still we rowl a- *Death.* Is it not credible, long to the grave.

that it hath run over diverse times the circuit of the Universe ? and its figure instructs us, that in the inconstancy which is proper to all created things, it will still rowl incessantly from one to another ; without ever staying, since its Centre is no where at all. For so long as the world shall endure, a continual vicissitude will be its foundation. And what means can there be to find a seat upon the earth, which

which may be sheltered from inconstancy, which reigns soveraignly and necessarily, as essential to all whatsoever subsists here below? *I have not been far, behold me upon return.*

Tertullian assuresus, that in the Triumphs of the Romans, there was a man waged to cry aloud to the *Triumpher*,

*Remember thou art a Man.*

Pliny passeth farther yet, and tells us, that they were accustomed to put an iron Ring upon the *Conquerours* finger, in sign of servitude, as if silently to intimate

*Worldly honours are so many temptations, to make us idolatrise our selves.*

unto him, that he was besides himself, by an excess of vanity in this amplitude of honour, wherein he saw himself elevated above his companions. And upon the same subject, a great number of Historians do add, that about the Chariot of the *Triumpher*, there were two men assigned, the one carrying a *Deaths-head*, the other the Image of a *Peacock*, and both continually crying,

**REMEMBER THAT THOU ART A MAN.**

Certainly, Vanity makes great *price* of us, then, when we are elevated to some eminent degree of honour. And though our heads

heads be but as of dead mens, for we are dying unceasantly, and our miseries resemble us to those Images of Peacockes, which cannot bear upon them but upon ugly Feet: which it gives us.

Yet our blindness is so great, and this Self-love so extream, that men are dazzled with too much splendour, and a man becomes slave to himself by loving himself with too much passion. Greatness and prosperity never let themselves be possest, but to take greater possession of us. And as they have allurements to charm us, and sweets to ravish us; a Man had need implore the succour of Divine Grace, if he would escape their pleasing tyranny; and nothing but flight from them, or contempt, can give us weapons to resist them. Let us still return to the point.

We read of *Judas Maccabæus*, that returning victorious from Galilee, the people conducted him to the Temple, by a way all tapistried with flowers. *Abraham* after he had vanquished five Kings, was received in triumph into *Salem*, now called *Jerusalem*.

*Judith* received the honour of triumph by the destruction of *Holofernes*, and all the people of *Bethulia* laden with palms, to make

make her triumphal wreaths, cryed out in her favour, *Behold the glory of Jerusalem, and the joy of all her Nation.*

*Joseph shews himself in Triumph also upon the Chariot of Pharaob,* Gen. 41.41,42, &c. who puts his royal Ring upon his finger, gives him his chain of Gold, and makes him publickly to be acknowledged for the second person of *Egypt.*

*David triumphs over Goliab, with a magnificence worthy of his victory, and the Virgins chant to his Glory, Saul was killed by thousands, and David by ten thousands.* 1 Sam. 18. 7.

*Mordecai also had his turn of triumph, mounted upon the horse of Abasuerus, and had his praises Heraldized by Haman, in these terms: Thus shall it be done to the man, whom the King will honour.* Esther 6. 11.

All these triumphs are worthy of admiration, I avouch it: but the *Triumph over our selves* is worthy astonishment, as having to combate our passions, and consequently the winning'st enemies of the world; I say, the winning'st, or the pleasing'st, since they guaid themselves only with such kind of weapons, whose hurtings make us often sigh rather for joy than grief.

Certainly,

Certainly, the *Victory of reason* over all the revolten faculties of our souls, merits alone the honour of a triumph; and what advantage soever a man hath over his enemies, he himself is yet still vanquisht, if his vices be not subdued. *I pursue my design.*

They which have enthronized *Virtue* in their breasts, have laid their foundations upon the ruines of their passions, to testifie to us, that a man cannot be vertuous with their predominancy. And after essay of diverse meane upon design to vanquish them, I have found none more powerful, than this, *The Meditation of Death*; but if any doubt this, the tryal of it will be profitable for him.

How is it possible that a *Man* should let himself be mastered with the passion of *Revenge*, if he but muse of that *Vengeance*, which his sins may draw down every moment upon his head, as being every hour in an estate to die? He shall hear rumble in his ears the thunder of Divine Justice, by the continual murmur of his sighs, which advertise him of the approaches of *Death*. What courage can he have to avenge himself, being upon point himself to suffer the torment of eternal vengeance?

Thou that art *Vindicative*, wilt thou then quench

quench the ardour of thy Choler, feel thine own pulse, and consider that their petty slow feaver, wherewith thou art stromed, leads thee by little and little into the grave.

Who can be *Ambitious*, if musing of Dust; since he must quit all with his life? Let us ponder a while the fate of those arrogant spirits, which have mused them-

*It is more honour for a man to avenge himself of his choler, than of his enemy.*

selves to conquer the vain greatnesses of the Earth. What hath been in fine their share at the end of the carreere? They have had nothing but unprofitable regrets to have so ill employed their time, finding themselves so poor with all their treasure, as if they had been born the wretched'lt of the world. Thou *Ambitious* one, wilt thou be cured of the disease of thy passion? think each hour of the day, that that which thou now hear-est strike, may be thy *Last*.

Who would sigh for propbane love, after these objects of dust, and ashes, if he often consider-  
ed, that he himself is made of nothing else, and that this noysome and cor-  
ruptive matter seeks no-  
thing more, than abysses of the grave, there

*Mortal frailty  
brings blenish to the  
fairest visages, and  
mighty takes from  
their opinion, being  
well considered.*

to

to hide within its loathsomeſs? In effect, who would give his flesh a prey to pleasures, if he would consider that the worms do in expectation make their fees thereof already. *The meditation of Death, serves for temperament to all sorts of delights.* And if a Man be capable of love in this muze, it cannot be other than of his *Salvation*, since this object is eternal, but all others of the world perishable. Infortunate Lovers search the ſolace of your immodest paſſions in the *Anatomy of the ſubject whereof you are Idolatres.* Be aſſistant at that *dead view.* *Think of your own Death.* Behold you are cured.

What wretched rich man would be ſo much in love with his treasures, if he would

*He which conſiders of that wretchedneſſe which is adjunct to Death, eaſily miſ- priſeth the riſhes of this life.*

conſider, that *Death* robs him from them every day, making him die continually, and that at the end of the term of his life, he carries along with him

but the *good*, or the *evil* which he hath done, to be either *recompenc'd* or *punished*, but with a *glory* or a *punishment*, whereof *Eternity* alone muſt terminate the continuance? *Covetous Misers*, the only means for you to be ſo no more, is to celebrate your own funerals by your *Meditations*, and often

to

to consider the *Account*, not of your riches, but *that* which you must render one day of their fruition, since your *Salvation* depends thereon.

Who, in fine, would make a God of his Belly, seeking with passion all the delights, which may tickle the sense of *Taste*, if he represented to himself the *miseries* of the body, which he takes so much pains to nourish, and the rigour of those inviolable decrees, which destinate him a prey to the *worms*, and the remains of their leavings to *rotteness*? This consideration would be capable to make him lose both appetite, and desire, at the same time, to nourish so delicately his carcals. *Of souls all of flesh*, repasting your selves with nothing *else*, there is no invention to make you change nature, but this, to *bear* your selves dye by the noyse of your *sighs*, to *see* your selves dye by the *wrinkles* which furrow every day upon your visages, and to *feel* your selves dye by the beatings of your pulse, which *indexeth* this your *bedick feaver*, wherewith you are *mortal*ly attainted. This is a *Probatum remedy*, the experience thereof is not dangerous.

May not a man then maintain with much reason, that the thought of *Death* alone is capable to cure our souls of the disease of

If a man should forget all things else but the miseries of his condition, this last were enough to exercise the vastest memory.

their *passions* in dосing them both the *Means*, and the *Vertue* to triumph over them. But if of this you desire an example, call to mind that, which

I have proposed you in the beginning of the Chapter. How marvellous is it that a great *Monarch*, who is able to maintain all manner of pleasure in his heart, with all the delights which accompany it; celebrates himself his *Funerals* in midſt of his carreere of life, beginning to raign at the end of his raign, ſince that laſt object is alwayes present before his eyes. His *Passions* do affail him, but he vanquisheth them; they give him combate, but he leads them in triumph, and buries them all together in the *Tomb*, which he prepares himself. Consider a little the glory which is reluctant in this action.

We read of the Kings of *Arabia*, that they triumphed upon *Dromedaries*, the Kings of *Perſia* upon *Elephants*, of *Croatia* upon *Bulls*, the *Romans* upon *horses*; and yet 'tis remark of *Nero*, that he made himſelf be drawn in triumph by four *Hermaphrodite Mares*, *Camillus* by four white *Horses*, *Mark Aniony* by four *Lions*, *Aurelian*

lian by four Harts, Cæsar by four Elephants, *Heliogabalus* by four Doggs.

Moreover, the Poets do assure us, that the triumphant Chariot of *Bacchus* was drawn by Tygers, *Neptune's* by This Vanity is a most contagious malady, and the only preservative is, the remembrance of death. Fishes, of *Thetis* by Dolphins, *Diana's* by Harts, of *Venus* by Doves, *Juno's* by Peacocks.

All these objects of pomp, and magnificence, whereof Histories and Fables would eternize the vanity, have for all that done nothing but pass away, and though a little remembrance of them stay with us; 'tis but the memorial of a *Chimera*, and of a phantasm, since it preaches nothing else to us, but the ruine, and non-entity, of that which hath been otherwhile. O how glorious a triumph is it, when we our selves are encharioted over our passions now enslaved and subjected under the Empire of *Reason*? There is

These things ruminated on, will make us wise.  
nothing so glorious, there is nothing so magnificent: For these Dromedaries, these Elephants, these Bulls, these Horses, these Hermaphrodite Mares, these Lions, Stags, and Tygers afore-mentioned, are but brute beasts, which draw along in train after

them others as brutish as themselves, as suffering themselves to be transported with vanity, which only reduceth them to this beastly-semblant vanity. *Let us turn our face unto another side.*

*SABELLICUS* in his *ENNEADS*, actively persuades us to believe, that the *Christians* of *Æthiopia* do carry in their processions, great vessels full of ashes,

*Let the fire of Divine Love glow upon our ashes.* to emblematicize apparently the frailty of our nature. But may not we

say upon too much reason, that *we are earthen vessels* full of ashes; and what object more sensibly can be presented before our eyes, to shew us the truth of our miseries, than *this* of our selves? From *Earth* is our production, and the *same* serves us with nourishment, and for sepulture also, as if ashamed the *Sun* should afford his light to our wretchedness.

Make me then every day *Funeral processions*, or at least visit in meditation every hour our *Tomb*, as the place where our bodies must take so long abode, *Celebrate we our selves our own Funerals*, and invite to

*The thought of our* our *Exequies, Ambition, end is a sovereign Avarice, Pride, Choler, Lux- remedy against our Iury, Gluttony, and all the passions.* other

other *Passions*, wherewith we may be attainted, to the end, to be Conquerours, even by our own proper defeat : For when a *Man* yields to the *Meditation of Death*, then *Reason* commands *Sense* ; All obey to this apprehension of frailty, and feebleness. Pleasures by little and little abandon us, the sweets of life seem sour, and we can find no other quiet, but in the hope of *that*, which *Truth* it self hath promised us, after so much trouble.

*Proud Spirits* : be ye Spectators of this *Funeral Pomp*, which this great *Monarch* celebrates to day : He invites the Heaven and the Earth to his *Exequies*, since in their view he accompanies his pourtrayed *Skeleton* unto the *Tomb* : his *Body* conducts thither its *shadow*, the original the painted figure in attendance . till a *Mourning* *procession* be made both of one and t'other. *O glorious action* ! where the *Living* takes a pride to appear *dead*, as dying already by its own choyce, as well as necessity. *O glorious action* ! where the *Triumpher* takes a glory in the appearance of his overthrow. *O glorious action* ! where all the honour depends upon the contempt of the worlds honour. *O glorious action* ! where *Garlands* of *Cypress* dispute the preheminence with *Laurel*

and Palm. O glorious action! where the Conquerour under-going the Laws of Nature, elevates himself above it, making his puissance to be admired, in his voluntary weakness. But I engage my self too far in't.

Herodotus remarks, that the Queen Semiramis made her Sepu'cher be erected upon the entrances of the principal Gate of \* Babylon. the \* City, to the end, that this sad object of wretchedness might serve for a School-master to passengers, to teach them the Art, to know themselves. O blessed Lesson is that, which the Tombs can afford us. O gracious Science is that, which they instruct us.

Strabo testifies, that the Persians made No better School Pipes of dead mens bones, in the Church- which they used at Festivals, to the end, that the sad harmony which issued thence, might temper the excess of joy.

But may not we say our Lungs to be to us such kind of Whistles, and that our dolorous sighs, which produce thence the harmony, are capable to moderate the violence of our contentments? A strange thing it is, that all the animated objects, which are affected by our senses, bear the Image of Death, and yet we never think but of Life.

Let

Let our eyes but fairly turn their regards on all sides, *All that lives, they may see dies;* and what has no *life*, passes away before 'em. Our ears are tickled with the sweet harmony of Voyces, or Instruments, or Tabors, or Trumpets: But these *sounds* are but Organs spirited with *blasts*, whose borrowed wind is lost, when the motion ceaseth; and there behold the *fail* of their *life*. And for *Instruments*, 'tis true they warble delightfully, yet their *melody* is often *dolefull* to the *mind*, when it

*The object of our nothingnesse has a grace and attirement capable to ravish the best spirits.*

considers that it proceeds from certain guts of dead beasts, which Art hath so contrived. *Tabors* being of the same nature, must also necessarily produce the same effects, and *Trumpets* also do but *sob* in our ears, since their *clangor* is forced only by the violence of a *blast* of *sighs*: Our *Taste* cannot satiate the hunger of its appetite, but with dead and breathless things: and all our other senses are subject to the same necessity. Insomuch, that *Death* environs us on all sides, though we be alwayes her own; and yet we never think on't, but in extre-

*Death is ever present, and at hand, to our heart, but still absent from our memory.*

*mities* : as if we were only to learn at the last instant, that we are *Mortal*, and the *hard experience* which we make 'on't, were the only *Lesson*, which by *Nature* is given us.

*L O R D*, render me capable, if it please thee, of this *Science*, which may effectually teach me the *Art*, *To know my self*; to the end, that this knowledge may represent to me alwayes the reality of my wretchednes. Make me that I may see my self, may understand and feel my self *to die every moment*: but so, that I may see it with the eyes of my heart, perceive it with the eyes of my soul, and feel it by the sense of my conscience, therein to find my repose and safety. I know well, that *Nature* mourns uncessantly the *death* of its works, which are devoured every hour by *Time*; and though no where thus can I see but *Sadness* it self, yet ne'retheless remain I insensible of the horrour of these objects; and though they be terrible, my spirit is not affrighted. *Render* me therefore, if it please thee, *render* me fearfull, and make me even to tremble in thinking of it, since the thought of it is so important, suffer me not to *live a kind of death*, without meditating of *that life* which is *empt* from *death*, and whereof *Eternity* is the Limit. All my votes do terminate at

*this*,

this, and all my wishes, which I address to thy bounty, that I may one day see the effects of my hopes. Let us advance on our first proposition.

O how *celebrious*, and glorious is the *Triumph* over our *Selves*! Let us leave the *Laurels*, and *Palms*, to those famous *Conquerours* of *Sea* and *Land*.

Their *Crowns* are now *A Man* *bath* *no*  
metamorphosed into *dust*, *greater enemy than*  
their *Renown* into *wind*,  
themselves into corruption, and for a sur-  
plusage of mishap after the *conquest* of the  
whole world, *they die* in the miseries, where-  
unto they were born..

*Cyrus* could not bound his ambition less, than to the vast extension of the *Universe* : and yet a \* *simple woman* \* *Tomyris*, only prescrib'd him an *allay*, and placed his *head* in the range of his own *Trophies*. *Arthomides* plays *Jupiter* upon *Earth*, his *Pourtrai&t* is the only *Idol* of his subjects : and yet one turn of the wheel casts him a sacrifice upon the same *Altar*, which he had erected to his *glo-ry* : his life glistering with *triumphs*, but his

*There is nothing more vain, than Vain-glory ; 'tis a body without soul or life, having no substance, but in imagination.*

death in such a ruine, clouded even the memory of his name. All those stately *Triumphers*, of whom *Antiquity* trumpets-out wonders, have had no other recompence of their labours, but this *vain conceit*, *that one day men would talk of them*. But what felicity is it to be praised in *this world*, to which they are dead, and tormented in the other, wherein they live even yet, and ever. *I care very little, that men should talk of me after my Death; the esteem of men is of so small importance, that I would not buy it so dear, as with a wish only.* It behoves to search reputation in the *purity* of the *conscience*, if a man would have the glory of it *last for ever*. The Renown of a good man is much greater, than that of *Cesar* or *Alexander*; for this hath no other foundation, than the soyle where it was sowed, and where the goodliest things display themselves like flowers, and like flowers also have but a *morning flourish*: But the other

*The Renown of a good man only lasts always.*

having for a firm stay *Eternity*, this object ennobleth it to perfection: and thus desiring nothing else but

Heaven, it remains to us at the end for recompence.

*Blondus* in his *Treatise of Rome*, in its triumphant

triumphant glory, reckons up three hundred and twenty triumphs, all remarkable: but where are now these Pomps, these Magnificences, this infinite number of Trophies, and a thousand other ornaments, which rat-  
led out their glory? Where are I say these Conquerours? where are their slaves? their Idolaters, their admirers? These pomps have but flash'd like lightning, and so passed away with the day, that accompanied their lustre. These Magnificences have been but seen; and so took their passage in flight. These Trophies being on- *It is some comfort  
yet to a wise man,  
though himself fade  
away, to see that all  
things else do so too.*ly bravadoes of the time, Time's inconstancy made them vanish in an instant, and all those other ornaments made but ostentation of their continual vicissitude, as being an inseparable accident of their nature. These vanquishers only had the name on't, since *Death* led them away also in triumph, for all their triumphings. Their *Captives* were rather slaves of the miseries whereunto they were born, than so by the absolute power of him who *captived* them. Their Idolaters have been immolated to the fury of years, which spare none; and their admirers have incurred the same fate with the subject, which they,

they admired : Insomuch, that of all together, remains nothing but a faint remembrance, which as it waxeth old, is effac'd by little and little out of memory ; and scarcely will it subsist so much in the imagination, as to be in the end buried among

*Since Eternity only triumphs over time, we should only strive to attain that.* pourtraicture of its false Image. *Contemplate, meditate,* you will avouch with me, that *All is full of vanity.*

O how stately and magnificent is the Triumph of Ages ! what Trophies may a man see at their ever-rowling Chariot ? what Conquerours are not in the number of their subjection ? what sovereign power can resist their violence ? what newer Triumph than this of years ? Who can give in account the number of their victories, unless the captives which *Death* serves in for their Trophies ? What newer triumph again evermore than of *moneths*, of *dayes*, of *hours*, and *moments* ? For consider to your self, how many Kings, Princes, and Lords, die in one age in all the places of the world. All these vanquishers are vanquisht, and led in triumph to the grave. Every year makes its conquest apart, gives battel, and carries away

away the victory over so many, and so many men, that hardly can one conceive so lamentable a truth; Moneths, Dayes, Hours, and Moments,

*A Righteous Man only stands exempted from the mirrour of death.*

triumph in their courses; who can number all those who died yesterday out-right, or are dead to day? Nay more, how many die at this *hour*, and at this *very instant*, that I entertain you with this discourse. And all these defeats of *mortality* mark out to us the triumphs, whereof time only bears away the glory: But let us not pretend to share in't, 'tis not worthy our Ambition.

Let *Ages, Years, Moneths, Days, Hours, and Moments*, triumph over us: *A good Conscience is ever under shelter from all the inconstant tempests of Age.*

Vertue always limits their puissance, and with it we may prescribe a bound to all these Triumphant. Fair leave may they take to ruinate outward beauty, but that of innocence is of proof 'gainst all their strokes. Well may they impair outward graces; but those of Heaven contemn their assaults. No doubt they may change the visage of all the *marvels of Art*, and *miracles of Nature*: Our Resolution is a rock in midst of all their storms, and may remain alwayes it self.

self without undergoing other rules than its own. So that thus we may lead Time it self along in triumph, if we live for nothing more than for *Eternity*.

I scorn the Tyranny of Ages, my aim is beyond 'em all. I despise the power of years, my Ambition reigns already out of their reach. Let

Moneths, Dayes, Hours, and Moments, enthrall all things along with them; I for my part franchise their carreere, since my scope is much more farther yet. Let them triumph fully, my very defeat shall lead them in triumph at the end of their term, for the *Eternity* whither I aspire, already assigns out their tomb. *Let us stay no longer in so cragged a way.*

The Emperour *Trajan* caused his Sepulcher to be enframed in the midst of *Rome's* greatest place, as upon a stately Theatre, on which his successors were to act their

*Serius aut citius metam properamus ad unam.* parts. Every man dies for himself; Sooner or later we must arrive to the place, to which uncessantly we walk.

Be it to morrow, or to day, at the end of the term all is equall. Nor old nor young can mark the difference in their course, be-

ing arrived to the end of their carreere, for a hundred Ages when past, and one Instant make but the same thing. 'Tis only necessary to muse of our last gift in the grave, since thither we run till we are out of breath, from moment to moment.

The *Trojans* would have the burying-places of their Princes to be in the most remarkable places of the City, to the end, that this Places of burial are sad Theaters, where every day are acted none but Tragedies. sad object might serve as a fixt *Memento* to remembrance them, that the *Tragedy*, which had been acted by these yesterday, might again be represented by some other to day.

The Philosophers know that objects move the faculties, and that according to the quality of their impressions, they work upon the spirits, which contemplate them. Let us say now, that of all the direful objects, which are presented to our eyes, there is none more powerful over our apprehensions, than this of the *Meditation of Death*, and the horrour of the *Grave*. The most courageous yield themselves to these assaults, the most valiant resist not their violences. All droop at approach of an enemy so redoubtable. But our defeat, if rightly carried, is more glorious than our *Triumph*.

What

What success is this, by being overcome, to bear away the crown of victory? such submission is a mark of Soveraignty.

*Petrus Gregorius* tells us of the Emperour Charles the fifth, that he caused his winding

*If the meditation of death makes not a sinner change his life, nothing will do it.* head-kercher to be carried before him for a standard in all his Armies, six years before he died, to the end, that the continual object

of his greatness, might not be too powerfull to tempt him to misconceive himself.

We do the same every day, without thinking on it, for our shirts are in a manner as so many winding-sheets, which we carry alwayes with us in all places where we go: But if this sad object be not enough to moderate our ambition, and rebate our vanity, this voluntary is inseparable from pain, we must needs undergo the Law, which we impose upon our selves.

*LO RD, suffer me not, if it please thee,*

*\*Tis best to let Death be welcome to us, since 'tis inevitable.* so far to mistake my self, as never to come to the point of meditating of this blessed Decree, which

thou hast imposed on me, to die one day. But illuminate my spirit with the light of thy Grace, which may stead me as a Pharos,

to shew me the haven of the *grave*, where the ship of my life must put ashore. Make me also, if it please thee, to be ignorant of all things else, but the knowledge to live *well*, that I may also *dye so*; and thus, let the miseries which accompany me, the mishaps that follow me, and all the other afflictions which thy goodness hath subjected me to, be the ordinary objects of my thoughts, to the end, that I stray not from the way of my salvation. And now have I no other passion, but to see the effects of these prayers. *Let us go to the end.*

Those that have averred, that the world is to us an hostile Army, composed of so many Souldiers as there are objects in nature, capable to agitate the power of our passions, had very good reasons to defend the truth of their *Thesis*. These objects of it make war against us continually, with all the assaults, inventions, and stratagems of a cruel enemy. *Beauty*, that assaults our souls, by the way of our eyes, with as much cunning as force; for at first view, it amuseth the sense with admiration, by a slight of complacence, to which its sweets and allurements insensibly engage it. Afterwards the *Sensus Communis*, receiving the fair *Species* of the *Idea* of this fair enemy, presents them

to

to the *Fancy*, the *Fancy* to the *Understanding*, which after it hath examined them according to its capacity, offers them to the *Will*, which by a natural apprehension finds it self obliged to love the subject from whence these amiables do proceed. And now then it is the *Cue* of Reason, either to condemn or authorize this love; but most often that becomes charmed it self, and we vanquish'd. Not that Reason is not sufficiently strong and powerful, but whereas its

*Our passions are the flattering & enemies of the world, for they assault us with those semblant satisfactions to us, as may seem most agreeable; and thus they are most to be feared.*

trust upon our strengths, and evermore to have a jealous eye to this our subtle enemy, which yet can never get other advantage upon us, than that which our wretchedness suffers it to acquire.

*We cannot justly complain of our defeat; since it is voluntary.*

force and virtue depends meerly upon Grace, the contempt which ordinarily it makes of this, renders both alike unprofitable. This is that which obliges us in all these conflicts, to implore the help of Heaven, rather than to

The very fairest objects of the world, may well inforce admiration, but not love, since love cannot

cannot be formed in our hearts, but by a powerful reflexion of the amiable qualities which are found in the subject, and in this it is necessary, that the Understanding do operate, and the Will consent. And this cannot be done without a free deliberation, which we absolutely authorize. Insomuch, that we cannot be overcome, if we rush not into it with desire of our own overthrow. And this not so neither, as if there were no trouble in the resistance; but rather it is a way to acquire much more glory in the victory over beauteous objects, by the power of reason, which is more troublesome and difficult, than that which one gets over an enemy by force of arms. But the honour also surpasseth alwayes the difficulty, and what pain soever a man can possibly take, the prize and crown at last can admit of no comparison.

*The rewards which  
God hath prepared  
after all our trou-  
bles, do infinitely  
surpass our deserts.*

We must then bravely combate those proud *beauties*, which make publick profession to enchain our *hearts* in irons, and put our souls upon the rack, and let them see, to their confusion, that the natural Magick of their charms is to us a new Art of Logick, which informs us to make Arguments,

ments, both to give for granted their power, and yet destroy their force. Fair leave have they to *expose to view* their blandishments, and graces: the light of *Reason* produceth a livelier Day, whose lustre duskes the midday-splendour; for by the aid of this light a man may see, that all their quaintnesses are but dawbings, their delicacies but artifice, and their attractives but only composed by distillatories. And how can one Idolatrize them then, after meditational presentment of these verities? Behold the only means to prescribe a rule over these Soveraigns, who would impose it on the whole world. Not that this kind of combate requires force of courage, but rather of prudence, after

*He commands best,  
that can obey reason.* first a misprise of them to fly away, and not to put the victory into hazard.

There are yet other enemies, which render themselves as redoubtable as the former, such are *Ambition*, *Riches*, &c. what means is there to resist them, or, to speak better, to vanquish them? they have no less allurements, and sweets, than the *beasties* afore-spoken of, and though the force of them be different, they cease not nevertheless, to excite and move the passions with all sort of violence.

*Ambi-*

*Ambition* has its particular delicacies, and charmes, to ravish mens hearts, and soveraignize over their souls; and I believe, that its Empire extends it self far beyond that of *Love*: for all the world is not capable of this latter *passion*, but of the other every man has a smatch from that defect, from our original, wherewith a man is tainted. And this passion is so much the more to be feared, as it is natural, and growing up with us in measure as we grow our selves. The means to vanquish it, is to study to *know ones-self*, and thus plainly to see the frailty of our foundation.

*Vanity is bred and born with us, but it is in our choyce, whether to let it ever keep us company.*

What *Ambition* can a man have, that knows the number of the greatest part of the miseries and mishaps which accompany his life? To what can he pretend, being not able to dispose of one only moment? Nay, what can he wish for beyond himself, since for any long time together, he has not strength enough to look down to his own feet? What high aim can he give his designs, since all his thoughts, his desires,

*It is the best Mystery of all humane trade, to learn to die daily, and in this Vocation, they that are active apprentices, are Masters.* and

and hopes, have their limited scope beyond his power, as depending upon the *Fa[n]ture*, whereof he cannot dispose. All lyes then in this, to know our Selves, that is, to consider the certainties thus sensible, both of our defects and infirmities.

The Passion for Riches is alwayes extreme, allowing no moderation in our hearts. It is a kind of hydropick malady, wherein thirst increaseth the more one drinks. A rich man of ten thousand pounds a year, wisheth thirty thousand, and if perhaps he see the effects of his desires, he soon conceives *new ones*, being never able to find content in the enjoyment of the goods which he already possessest.

That temperament of spirit, which Philosophy teacheth us, to live *content* in whatsoever condition a man is in, is a virtue

*The true knowledge of Virtue, would soon insinuate its love.* so chaste, that it suffers it self to be possest by no body, in this age wherein

*we are* ; not that a man cannot enjoy it, but it is to be sought in the purity of the conscience, rather than in the world, where it is unknown but only barely in name.

This greedy passion of heaping treasure upon treasure, is so proper to our criminal and

and corrupt nature, that a man cannot guard himself from it, without a special help from *Heaven*. Since that robbery, which our *first Parents* made in the terrestrial Paradise, all our thoughts and hopes are so thievish, that they would rob the future of those goods, which we wish for them, making no esteem of those which we already possess; our hearts sigh incessantly with impatience, in attendance of a new acquist. What remedy now is there to cure so contagious a malady, whose insensible dolour makes us often contemn a remedy?

What means I say, to triumph over a passion so strong and puissant, and

*Poverty of spirit is  
the greatest riches.*

to which our nature it self lends a hand? It is certainly an action of study, where reason with time must get the advantage. It is necessary to consider every time that this desire to amass riches, doth press and force us; what shall we do with all these *treasures*, after we have heapt them up? To leave them to our *heirs*, it is to make them rich with our own loss, which they too perhaps will laugh at, in the possession. It is, I say, to damn our selves for others profit, as if we had never lived for our selves. To carry them into the grave with us, is to have

have laboured for worms ; what shall then become on them ? We must of necessity leave 'em behind. O cruel necessity ! but *It is the best providence in this world to lay up treasures for the other.* yet most sweet and pleasing in its continual meditation, since it teaches us to undervalue all that may be lost.

There are a great number of other passions, which may master us with the same violence , according to the disposition of the predominating humour which possesseth us ; such are *Choler, Envy, Detraction, &c.* but with the only force of Reason, assisted with the usual grace, which concurs in all good actions, we may easily be able to triumph over them.

We read of *Pyraunder* King of *Egypt*, that being one day in choler against one of his slaves, he heard a clap of thunder so terrible, that he became suddenly quite appeased ; as if he had had this thought, that the gods were angry with his fury, since they clamoured louder than he. Let us have often the same thoughts , but with more truth and illumination, every time that this blind passion would exercise over us its tyranny. My meaning is, that in the violentest heat of our Choler, we lend an ear

ear of imagination to the noise of the thunder of Divine Justice, that thus we may be appeased at the same time: *For what ground have we to be armed with fury, against our neighbours, when Heaven is animated with just vengeance against our selves?*

*It is a good method, first to fear God, then to love him.*

The Passion of *Envy*, as black as hell, and the most criminal of all together, proceeds from an invenomed mischievousness, to which nature contributes nothing at all. It is a devillish passion, whose fury and rage keeps the soul in fetters, and whose thievish jealousy robs away the goods of others in a hounding after them, and yet possesses none of them.

*Envious men are most their own enemies, and rob themselves of their own quiet.*

What means is there then to vanquish this untameable vice? No other but this, to consider the Justice of that adorable *Providence*, which imparts never its favours and graces, but with weight and measure. *God cannot do but justly, since his Justice is no other than himself.* Then if this man have ten thousand pounds a year, and I but one hundred, whereof can I complain? Shall I doubt the reason from Reason it self? Shall I accuse Justice of injunc-

stice? To take for granted, that the Sovereign of all does what he will, and the Almighty what he pleaseth, I will alwayes relye to that ballance which God bears in his hand, and by which himself weigheth his actions to the poize of his will, and consequently to the measure of his Justice. What objection can be made against this truth?

*Envious Maligner, adore that, which thou*

*The envious man is  
never in health, tor-  
tured with the He-  
llick Feaver of his  
ever-burning pas-  
sion.*

canst not comprehend, and

then instead of pining for  
the good, which thou en-  
joyest not; give thanks to

Heaven for those which

thou possessest: and how

small soever they be, they are ever great  
enough to amuze thee all thy life-long to  
the study of thankful acknowledgement.

The Passion of *Detraction* is easily over-  
come by a fresh consideration of our own  
proper defects: *For, of all the Vices whereof  
we accuse one another, our hearts may conuince  
us.* If I call a man thief, am not I a greater  
thief than he, since against the Lawes of  
charity, I rob him of his Honour by this  
injury? Suppose he be a false villain, yet in  
calling him by this name, I betray the se-  
cret, which his fault should in charity im-  
pose

pose upon me. But if he be nothing so ; lo  
I my self am now a Traytor both at once  
of his reputation, and  
mine own conscience. There is no fault more un-  
pardonable, than this of *It is more important  
to learn to hold ones  
peace, than to hold  
up the talk.*

*Obloquy* ; and in that regard for a just ex-  
piation of this crime, it is fitting that the  
tongue which did the hurt, should give the  
remedy.

Thou *Detractour*, if thou canst not mode-  
rate thy passion, speak ill only of thy self,  
*Study* thine own vices, *Meditate* thine own  
faults, and *Accuse* thy self of them before  
Heaven, which is already witness of thy  
crimes ; and by this way of reproaching,  
thou shalt obtain one day to be praised e-  
ternally. *Bebold me now at the end of the  
Chapter.*

After all these particular remedies with  
which a man may learn easily to resist the  
tyranny of the Passions, there is none more sove-  
raign than this of the *Meditation of Death*. All the  
rest abutt at this only, as the most authori-  
zed, by daily experience.

*He that often muses  
of Death, will every day learn to live  
well.*

Great Kings, suffer your selves to be led  
in triumph by your own thoughts to the

grave, and by the way consider how your greatnesses, your riches, your delights, and all the magnificence of your Court, follow you step by step, being brought along by the same fate, whose absolute Tyranny spares none. And since you may *dye every hour*, think at the least sometimes of this *Truth*, to the end that *that hour* of your lifes *Dyal surprize* you not. Much good do it you to nourish up your selves deliciously, yet all these *Viands* wherewith you repast your selves are *empoisoned*, as containing

\* *Caliditas, Humiditas, Frigiditas, Siccitas.*

in them the \* *four contrary qualities*, whose discord puts into skirmish

your humours, and *this battel* is an infallible presage of your overthrow : well may you chase away *Melancholy*, by virtue of fresh *pleasures*, these *very contentments* cheat away *your life*, for though you think of nothing but how to pass away the time, it *passes* ere you think on it, and *Death* comes before you have foreseen his arrival. Well may you cocker up your bodies, content your senses, and satiate the appetite of your desires : the *Taper* of your

*Pleasures* make us life has its limited course, grow old as well as as well as that of the day. *griefs.*

Every man pursues his  
carreere,

carreere, according to the inviolable Laws of Heaven, which hath assigned them out at once, both the way, and the bounds. Suffer *Time* to lead you by the hand to the *Tomb*, for fear he hale

*Fata volentem du-  
cunt, nolentem  
trahunt.*

you thither. But in dying muse at least of that *Life*, which never shall have end. All the felicities which you have possest, are vanished with the flower of your Age, and all those which you will yet enjoy, will fly away with the rest. What will remain with you then, at the last instant of your life, but an irksome remembrance, to have tasted a thousand pleasures, which are past, and to have lost so many

*Those pleasures cost  
very dear, which are  
worth nothing but  
repentance.*

means of having had others which would have lasted eternally. *Dis-invest* your selves then, for one hour every day, of all your greatness, and in the presence of your own selves, I mean in review of all your miseries, and mishaps, which are proper to you, *confess the truth of your nullity*, and of your corruption; By this search you shall recover your selves, and *by this confession thus shall you Triumph over your selves.*

A

P R O L U S I O N

Upon the E M B L E M E  
of the last Chapter.

**V**iewing the ranges of a Library —  
Of Dead men's bones pil'd in a Cæmetary,  
Great Alexander finds Diogenes,  
And thus they dialogue.

(Alex.) Cynick, among these  
Ruines of frail mortality, what do'st look?

Diog. For that wherein I fear to be mistook,  
I seek thy Father Philip's Scull among  
This pell mell undistinguishable Throng.

Alex. Let's see, which is it? shew me.

(Diog.) Sure 'tis that,  
Whose nose is bridge-faln.

(Alex.) Dead men's all are flat.

Diog. Why then 'tis that where shrowds perpetual  
night,  
Cav'd in those hollow eye holes, void of  
sight.

Alex. Still all are so.

(Diog.) Why 'tis yond' skinless brow.  
Chap-faln, lip-funk, with teeth-disrank-  
ed row,  
Yond' peeled scalp.

(Alex.)

(Alex.) Thus still are all alike.

Diog. So shall both You and I : and let this strike  
Thy knowledge Alexander, and Thy sense,  
'Twixt King and slave, once Dead, 's no differ-  
ence.

N  
L' envoy.

There is no diff'rence; Death Mors Sceptra Igoni-  
hath made bus æquat. Her.

Equal the Scepter, and the Spade.

No dreader Majesty is now

I' th' Royal Scalp, than Ruffick brow.

Fair N E R E V S has no beauteous grace,  
More than Thersites' ugly face,

Now both are dead, odds there is none  
Betwixt the fair'β, and fowlest One.

Tell me among'st the huddled pile

Of Dead mens bones, which was ere while

The subtil'st Lawyer's, or the Dull

And Ignoramian Empty Skull?

Was yond' some valourous Sampsons arm?

Or one that ne're drew sword for harm.

Or wink and tell me, which is which,

Irus the poor, or Cræsus rich?

What are they now, who so much stood

On Riebes, Honours, and high Blood?

There's now no Diff'rence, with the Dead

Distinctions all are buried,

Onely the Soul as Ill, or Well,

Is Differenc'd or in Heaven, or Hell.



THE  
M I R R O U R  
W H I C H  
F L A T T E R S N O T.

---

CHAP. IV.

---

W<sup>H</sup>at a horrid Spectacle is this ?  
What a frightful object ? See you  
not this great number of Dead  
*Mens sculls*, which heaped one upon an-  
other, make a mountain of horrour, and af-  
fright ; whose balefull, and contagious um-  
brage, insensibly invites our bodies on to  
the grave. What a *Victory* is this over  
these ? but what an inhumanity ? but what  
a defeat ? but what a butchery ? May we  
not say, that fury and rage have assassina-  
ted , even Natures self, and that we now  
alone

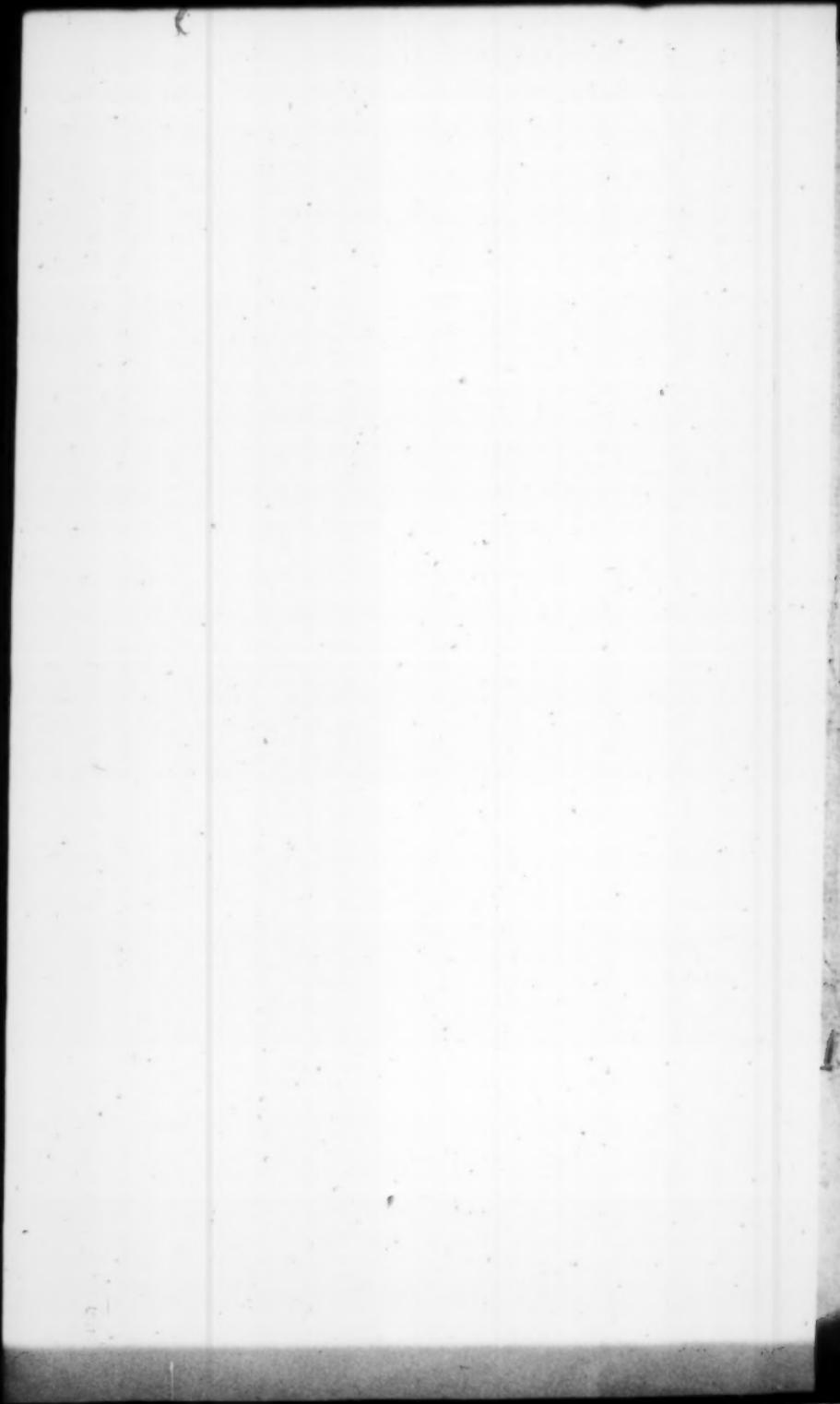


THIS CHART  
FIFTH CHART  
AT THE END

---

HART WILL BE THE  
CHART APPEARING  
E END OF THIS FILM.

---



alone remain in the world to celebrate its funerals by our lamentations, and regrets.

*Fathers, Mothers, Children;*

*Nobles and Plebeians, Kings and their Subjects* *Death is a sever  
Judge, and par-  
dons none.*

are all pell-mell in this

stack of rotten wood, which Time like a covert, but burning, fire, consumes by little and little; not able to suffer that *ashes* should be exalted above *dust*.

*Proud Spirits*, behold here the dreadfull reverse of the medal. All these sad objects of mortality, and yet actively animated, with horrour and affright, by their own silence enjoyn the *same* to you, thus to amuse your Spirits in the contemplation of their deplorable ruines. If you be *rich*; See here, those who have *possesst* the greatest treasures of the world, are *not now worth* the marrow of their own bones, whereof the worms have already shared the spoyl. If you be *happy*; The greatest favourites of fortune are reduced to the same *noysomness* as you see the filth that enrounds them. If you be *valiant*; *Hector* and *Achilles* are thus here overcome: Behold the shameful marks of their overthrow! If you be men of *Science*; *Here lies the most learned of the world.* 'Tis the *Epitaph* on their tomb, Read it.

I grant moreover, You may be the greatest Princes of the Earth.

*Death may be condemned, but not avoided.*

An infinite number of your companions are buried under these corrupt-

ed ruines. Suppose, in fine, that your Sovereignty did extend it self over all the Empire of the world ; a thousand and a thousand too, of your *Semblables*, have now nothing more their own, than that *corruption*, which devours, even to the very bones.

*Ambitious Heart* ; see here a *Mirrour which flatters not*, since it represents to the life the reality of thy *miseries*. Well mayst thou perhaps pretend the Conquest of the Universe ; even those, who have born away that Universal Crown, are now *crowned* but with *dust*, and *ashes*.

*Covetous Wretch* ; Behold the book of thy

*Tis no wonder the Miser ne're thinks of Death, his thoughts are onely taken up for this Life.*

accounts, calculate all that is due to thee, after payment of thy debts : learn yet after all this, that thy soul is already mortgaged

to devils, thy body to worms ; and thus, notwithstanding all thy treasures, there will not abide with thee one hair upon thy head, one tooth in thy chaps, nor one drop of blood in thy veins, nor ne're

so

so little marrow in thy bones : nay the very memory of thy being, would be extinguish'd, if thy crimes did not render it eternal, both here, and in the torments of hell.

Proud arrogant man ; Measure with thy bristled brows, the dilatation of the earth ; *Brave* with thy menacing regards the Heavens, and the Stars. These mole-hills of rottenness, whereof thy *carkass* is shap'd, prepare toward the tomb of thy vanity. These are the shades of *Death* inseparable from thy body, since it dies every hour. If thou elevate thy self to day, even to the clouds ; to morrow thou shalt be debased to nothing. But if thou doubt of this truth, behold here a thousand witnesses which have made experience of it.

*Pride is but like the Noon flourish of a flower, which as Sun-set perisbeth.*

*Seneca Epist. Quotidie morimur, quotidie enim demitur aliqua pars vitæ.*

*Luxurious Wanton*, give thy body a prey to voluptuousness ; deny nothing to thy pleasures ; but yet consider the horrour, and dreadfulness of that *Metamorphosis*, when thy flesh shall be turned to filth, and even that to worms, and those still to fresh ones, which shall devour even thy coffin, and so efface the very last marks of thy *sepulture*.

*Hw*

How remarkable is the answer of Diogenes to Alexander? What art thou musing on, *Cynick*, sayes this *Monarch* to him one day, having found him in a *Charnel-yard*; I amuze my self here (answers he) in search of thy father *Philips* bones among this great number, which thou seeft; but my labour is in vain, for one differs not from another.

Great Kings; The discus of this answer may serve you now as a fresh instruction, to insinuate to you the knowledge of your selves. You walk in triumph to the Tomb, followed with all the train of your ordinary magnificences: but by being arrived at this Port, blown thither with the continual gale of your sighs, your *Pomp vanishest* away, your *Royal Majesty* abandons you, your greatness gives you the *last Adieu*, and this your mortal fall *equals* you now, to all that were below you. The dung-hill of your body, hath no preheminence above others, unless it be in a *worse degree* of rottenness, as being of a *matter more disposed* to

*Corruptio optimi corruption* : But if you *doubt* of this truth, behold and contemplate the

deplorable estate, to which are reduced your *Semblables*. Their *bald scalps* have now no other *Crown*, than the *circle of bor-*

*your,*

row, which environs them ; their dis-incar-nated hands hold now no other Scepter but a pile of worms ; and all these wretchednesses together, give them to see a strange change, from what they were in all the Glories of their Court. These palpable and sensible objects, are witnesses not to be excepted against. Let then your souls submit to the experiment of your senses.

*The serious meditation is his miserable condition, as capable to make any man wise.*

But what a Prodigy of wonder is here ! Do I not see the great Army of Xerxes, reduced and metamorphosed into a handful of dust ? All that world of men in those dayes, which with its umbragious body, covered a great part of the earth, shades not so much as a foot on't with its presence. Be never weary of thinking of these important truths.

Seneca in the Tragedy of Hercules brings in *Alcmena*, with grievous lamentation, bearing in an urn the ashes of that great Monster-tamer ; And to this effect makes her speak ; Behold, how easily I carry him in my hand , who bore the Heavens upon his shoulders. The sense of these words ought

*In Hercule Oetao.  
Ecce vix totam  
Hercules Comple-  
vit urnam, quam  
leve est pondus  
mihi, Cui totus æ-  
ther pondus inca-  
buit leve ?*

ought to engage our spirits to a deep meditation upon the vanity of things, which seem to us most durable. All those great Monarchs who sought an *immortality* in their Victories and Triumphs, have mist that, and found *Death* at last, the enjoyment of their *Crowns* and *splendours*, being buried in the same *Tomb* with their bodies. See here then a new subject of *astonishment*.

The Mathematicians give this *Axiome*,

*The world is a game at Chessie, where every of the Set has his particular Name and Place designed: but, the Game done, all the pieces are pell-melled into the Bagg: and even so are all mortals into the Gravv.*

All lines drawn from the Centre to the Circumference are *equall*. *Kings* and *Princes*, abate your *haughtiness*, your *Subjects* march fellow-like with you to the *Centre* of the *Grave*. If *life* gave you *preheminence*; *death* gives them now *equality*. There

is now no place of *affection*, or *range* to be disputed: the heap of your *ashes*, and their *dust*, make together but one *Hillock* of *mould*, whose *infection* is a *horror* to me. *I am now of humour not to flatter you a whit.*

We read of the *Æthiopians*, that they buried their *Kings*, in a kind of *Leſtal*: and I conceive thereof no other *reasōn*, than according

cording to the nature of the subject, they joyned by this action, the shadow and the substance, the effect with the cause, the stream with its source: for what other thing are we than a mass of mire, dried and bak'd by the fire of life; but scattered again and dissolved by the Winter of *Death*; and in that last putrefaction, to which *Death* reduceth us, the filth of our bodies falls to the dirt of the earth, as to its centre, for so being conceived in corruption, let us not think strange to be buried in rottenness.

*Earth, dust, and ashes, remain still the same, be it in a vessel of gold, or in a coffin of wood, or in a Mansolean Tomb of marble. Great Kings, well may you cover your wretchedness, with a magnificent Sepulcher, they will for all this not*

*Tis well, men hide themselves after death in the Earth, or the enclosure of Tombs, their filth and noysomness would else be too much discover'd.*

*alier condition, the noysomness of your bones is never without the abhorment, and putrefaction proper to them. And if (suppose) their mass be reduced into dust, and the wind carry it away, the very wings of the wind are laden with rottenness, and can scatter nothing else in a thousand places, where e're they fall. I will a little straggle*

*out*

out of the way without losing my aim.

*Fabius Paulus* reports, that upon the Tomb of *Isocrates*, there was a *Syren* seated upon a *Rim*, and holding a *Harp* in her hand. And this gave to understand, This famous *Oratour* charmed mens souls through their ears, by the sound of his admirable eloquence. But whereas no melodious air was heard from the *mute* Harp of this *Syren*, it was required of the *Spectators*, to

*How unsufferable is the vanity of men, who even upon their Tombs, will have the display of their vain glory?* take for granted in imagination, the harmony of her sweet touches, as embleme of the sweetness of this great *Oratours* voyce : But *Death* imposeth

silence on both, and thus remained they a sad sight, both in object, and mysteries contained under ; since now of these passages remains no more but a weak remembrance, and whereof *Time* by little and little, effaceth even the *Idea's*.

*Johannes Baptista Fontanus* relates, that upon the Sepulcher of *Q. Martius* there was graven a *Ram* supported upon the two fore-feet, and a *Hare* dead by its side. The *Ram* represented the generosity of this great *Captain* in all combats, and the *dead Hare*, his *vanquisht* enemies : But what honour

now

now remains him after their defeat? This vanquisher of an infinite number of miserable wretches, is at the last overcome with his own miseries. Though triumphant in a thousand combats, *one marble stone now contains all his Trophies*, and Glory. O deplorable fate! to have but seven foot earth, after conquest of the greatest part of the earth.

Plutarch assures us, that upon the Tomb of *Alexander*, there was represented in Emblem, *Asia* and *Europe*, appearing vanquisht, and in the chains of their captivity, with this motto, which served as a fresh *Trophy*, *The Victory of Alexander*. O poor victory! O sorry triumph! for where are now its Laurels, and Palms? *This Great Monarch* conquered the whole world, but being never able to conquer his *Ambition*, *This* in the end, hath taken away all the Glory, which it made him acquire. Great Princes, advance then on to the conquest of the *Univerſe*, *The misprise of the world is more glorious than all its honour.* but I advertise you one thing, All those that are

returned from the same action, have much repented themselves, to have taken so great pains for so small a matter. \* *The Game's not worth the Candle*, as the \* *Le jeu ne vaut Pro- pas la chandelle.*

*Proverb* is. But if you love the Conquer, and triumph; your passions will furnish you with such subjects every hour. *Let's once see the end of our carreere.*

We read of *Cyrus*, that he caused to be engraven these words upon the stone of his Monument, *HERE LYETH THE CONQUEROVR OF THE PERSIANS*: But what excess of mishap could have reduced so great a Monarch to such an excess of wretchedness? Must it be said, *Here lyeth*, of one that lately stood so triumphant? Would he have men admire his past glory in view of that vault, where he was enterred? would he have men adore the magnificence of his Life upon the same Altar, where *Death* exhibits him as a *Victim*? Is not this a vanity more worthy of compassion, than envy?

The *History* of the life of *Themistocles* was to be read upon the marble of his Sepulcher, but 'twas forgotten, there to depaint also

*'Tis but a poor satisfaction to have for recompence of so much pains, but the ostentation of a glorious Sepulcher.*

the Story of his Death. Behold, the high deeds of *Themistocles*, this was the Inscription. But to us it may be of importance to consider, that although the

wonders, which he had done, were onely  
graven

graven upon the Port of his Monument ; yet for all that, they also made their entry into it, and followed the fate of their Authour : so that now rests nothing of *The mistocles*, but *Name*, for of all that he hath done, the wind hath carried away the glory ; and the small remembrance on't, which sticks by us, is but a pourtraict of *vniety*.

There was represented upon the Tomb of *Joshua*, the *Sun* with this Inscription, *Sun stand thou still upon Gibeon*. True it is, the *Josh. 10. 12.*

Sun stood still in the mid'st of his carreere, to give full Triumph to this great Captain over his enemies : But after they were overthrown, this *Planet* jealous of his glory conducts him also to his grave, as not enduring to see any thing upon earth, as durable as it self. So true it is, that

*all things here flit away, with the swiftness of a Torrent* ; though their flight *There is no course swifter, than that of Life to Death.*

Men shall say no more of you one day, *Great Kings.* Well may you with *Q. Martius* come off victorious from all combats, and enter in triumph into Cities with *Alexander.* Well may you cause to be insculp'd the History of your *Act's*, upon the marble of your Sepulchers, like as *Themistocles*; and well may you *Sub-pæna the Sun* for a witness of the reality of your triumphs, like *Joshua*; Yet for all this, men shall say no more of you, than was said of *ADAM, HE IS DEAD.* *They are dead*, and there is all.

The Epitaph of *David* composed by some, from consequence of Scripture, is worthy remark: *Here lyes the invincible Monarch, who in his child-hood overcame Bears, in his adolescence Lions, in his youth Gyants, and in his age himself. Travellour, envy not his repose, for thou art in the way to it thy self.* These words are exprest in a near regard to the sence of those, which are couched in Scripture upon this subject; and I thereto can add no more than this discourse of my astonishment, and rapture.

What! so great a Prince as *David*, favoured by Heaven, and redoubted upon Earth, and so endowed by Nature: shall he glympe out a little but like a flash of lightning, and pass away like a puff of wind?

where

where then shall a man find constancy and assurance ? What can be the site and foundation of all these our new wonders of the world , whose beauty seems to contest for lustre with the very Sun ? O *Inconstancy is the only foundation of created things.*

*LORD, to me it is a most agreeable consolation, to see in my race to the Tomb, how all things follow me. I am well apaid, that there is nothing here below durable, but thy Word alone, since this makes me hope for an Eternity, which shall never be subject to the inconstancy of times. Let all things LORD change with me, and thus I love this change ; for in rowling along, from time to time toward the grave, I still approach towards thee, and consequently to my soveraign repose, and last felicity. Let us follow our first traces.*

The first Epitaph which was put upon Tombs, was that of the fair *Rachel*, as is partly remark'd from Scripture, and *Birchardus* Gen. 15. 20. assures us it was a *Pyramid*, which *Jacob* erected ; sustained upon a dozen precious stones, with this Inscription.

HERE LIES BEAUTY AND  
LOVE.

Ladies,

Ladies, let your sweetness and blandishments now change language, and let them tell us no more that you are fair, since *Beauty* is buried in the Tomb of the fair *Rachel*: But if you make *bravado* of your crisped hairs, whose glistering charms dazzle the eyes, and captivate mens souls at once: Her bright locks dispersed into a thousand golden wreaths, had the power to enchain mens hearts, and yet her virtue was to despise this power. But for all this, notwithstanding

*Ladies, if you be fair to day, there is a to morrow when you shall not.* Nature was never able to exempt from rottenness this *Mistress*, or

*Master-piece* of the works of her hands. Suppose that Majesty it self has no better *Mirrour* than from the clear reflections of your Ivory fore-heads: *Rachel* was so perfect, that it is in vain to seek terms to express its accurateness, and yet now it is nothing but ashes, if so much.

Let your Eyes (suppose) be more clear and beautiful than the Sun, able to make a rape upon mens liberties, and enamourate the sternest hearts; those of *Rachel* were so admirable and bewitching, that she her self redoubted their force and power. Looking her self in a *Mirrour*, her own eyes enflamed her, and of this pleasing heat, she apprehended

apprehended the influence, being her self even tempted to desire it : But for all this, those two sparkling Wonders, quickened with Natures sweetest, and most amiable graces, are now nothing but rotteness and corruption.

All the tenures of bodily perfections are held of time, whose inconstancy steals away with them every moment.

Be your Cheeks half Lilies, half Roses ; your lips Carnation Gilly-flowers ; your teeth Orient Pearl ; your bosome purest Alabaster, and all these lovely parts enlivened with a spirit divine : fair *Rachel* possessest all these perfections soveraignly, and more than ever you saw, or wisht, as elevated above your knowledge. But (*O mishap !*) she her self, in whom all these rare beauties were united, and assembled, is now no more ought at all ; or if she be somewhat, it can be but a little dust, and earth, and ashes, which the worms keep possession of, in deposite. *O fearful Metamorphosis !*

Every thing fades sooner in us, than vanity and sin.

Ladies, will you yet presume your selves fair, after you have thus now assisted in imagination and thought, to the funerals of *Beauty* it self ; after you have read, I say, the Epitaph, which Truth it self hath written

ten upon her Sepulture. I grant you have a thousand sweets, and graces : yet now at least confess ye, that these blandishments are but of so thin aerial worths, that the wind carries them away, as if they were composed of nought else ; for scarcely have they birth, but you see them decay, and then the misprises, that each one makes of them, renders them more capable to produce pitty than love.

It is remarked in the life of that happy *Francis Borgia*, of the Society of the Jesuites, that being engaged in the world to seek a fortune, although the greatness of his birth, and merits, were of very great consideration ; the Emperour *Charles the Fifth* committed to his charge the dead body of his Dear Spouse, to be conducted and carried to the Sepulcher of her Ancestours, which he undertook, holding for an excess of Honour the Commandment which he had received, and the particular choice which his Majesty had made of his person. But then, when being arrived to the place, where were to be performed the last Exequies of this Princess, they were desirous to visit the Corps, according to the ordinary formalities accustomed to be practised in an action so important. Never was seen so much

much horrour, and dismay, as upon overture of the Coffin, on the countenances of the Spectators. They look for the body of this Princess in his presence, and it is not to be found, for none can know it; her visage, heretofore full of blandishments, and all the Graces, both of Majesty, and Sweetness, is now but a heap of filth, whereof the worms in swarms, and still encreasing, keep the Court of guard upon the putrefaction. And the rest of her body is still a fresh stock for these vermine, who have now already reasonably well satisfied their hunger with this prey.

*There is no object more affrightful than mortal misery, but the daily habit of our sad experiences takes away the horrour.*

*But O the worm of Conscience is to weak souls much more dreadful, than those which devour the body.*

Even those that enwrapped this Princess in her winding linnen, dare not maintain 'twas she; and he to whose care the body was deposited, knows not what to say, finding himself so confounded, and astonished with so suddain and affrightful a Metamorphosis, that he streight resolved at that instant, to quit the world, and devest himself of all his greatnesses, since they are not able to exempt the body from corruption.

Ladies, suffer your selves to be no more surprised by vanity, you see to what extremity of horrour and misery, are reduceable your allurements and charms. The great-

*All beauties but of  
virtue are still  
changing.*      *est Princess* of the world, and one of the fairest as hath been, being now fallen from her Imperial

Throne into the grave, not one of her attendants can retain any knowledge of her in so short a space. The worms having effaced the lineaments of her resemblance, have enveloped it so deep into corruption, that no where else is it to be found, being but Rottenness. *Reader, render up thy self to the bits of a Truth so sensible.*

It is reported of *Semiramis*, that she caused to be put upon her Tomb this Inscription. *The King that shall have need of money, shall find within this Sepulcher as much as he would have of it.* And some time after, King *Darius*, transported with a violent passion of Avarice, caused this Sepulcher to be opened; but found within no other riches, than of so much gold as was necessarily employed, in the engraving of these words. *Covetous wretch, which comest to disturb the repose of the dead, satiate thy greedy passion upon the treasure of my miseries,*

ries, since this object is powerfull enough to make thee undervalue all the riches of the world. It is an insolence to the privileges of nature, to trouble the repose of the dead

You that are Covetous, enter often, at least in meditation, into Tombs; visit to such effect the Church-yards, and you shall find therein more riches than you wish for: considering the horrour of that rotten earth, wherein your semblables are enterred, you will reason without doubt thus;

To what purpose at last will stead me all the treasures, which I amass up in my Coffers, if the very richest of the world be but earth, and ashes before my eyes? What shall I do at the hour of my death, with all the goods which I now possess, if even my body be a prey destinatied to worms and rotteness?

*L O R D, I aim at nothing of this world, but that Glory alone, which a man may acquire by the contempt of it; but as it is a Glory, whereof the acquisition depends of Grace, more than my All our hopes deserve; give me the Courage, if it please thee, to surmount all the temptations, which shall oppose themselves a-*

*gainst my design of Victory, to the end, that*

my vows may be heard, and my pains recompensed. *I return to myself.*

When I consider, that all the world together, is but as it were a *Cæmery* or *Church-yard*, wherein, every hour of the day, some wretchedness, or other, brings to the grave those whom such their miserable condition hath destroyed; I have no more passionate desire of life, since evils and troubles are proprietaries of it rather than we.

*He which meditates of another mans death, puts himself in mind of his own, since we are all slaves to the same fate.*

Who can keep account of the number of persons, that expire at this very moment, that I am now speaking to you, or the different deaths, which terminate the course of their carreere? All is universally dreadfull, and yet we quake not, either in horrour, or astonishment.

A Walk into *Church-yards*, and *Charnel*s, though it be sad and melancholly, by reason of the dolefull objects there obvious, hath yet nevertheless something in it agreeable to content good souls, in the contemplation of those very objects, which they there find. How often have I taken pleasure to consider a great number of dead mens sculls arranged one in p<sup>l</sup>e upon another, with

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with this conceit of the vanity, and arrogance, wherewith other-while they have been filled? Some have had no other care but of their Hairs, employing the greatest part of their time, either to frizle or to em-powder them; and represent unto your selves, by the way, what recompence now betides them for all their pains. Others, all full of Ambition, had no other aims but at Coronal-Wreaths; consider a little in this their misery, the injustice of their preten-sions.

Is many of the church-yards of France, are thou-sands of dead mens skulls and bones, pi-pled up, as at St. In-nocents at Paris, S. Croix at Orlé-ans, &c. Medita-tion upon the vani-ties of life is a piece of serious felicity before death.

I have remarked in sequel how a little worm did gnaw the arm of some late Sam-son, reducing thus all his force to an object of compassion, and wretchedness; since that arm, heretofore so strong, and dreadfull, had not now force enough to re-sist a little worm. Reader, muse often of these truths, and thou shalt find therein more joy than sadness.

Typotius reports of John Duke of Cleve-land, that to testifie the frailty of our Na-ture, and the miseries of our condition, he

had taken the Emblem of a Lilly, with this device :

*Hodie Liliūm,  
Cras Nihilum.* *Hodie hoc, cras nihil.* It flourishes to day, to morrow 'tis nothing.

*Great Kings, your Life is like this Lilly,  
Even those things  
which seem most durable,  
have in effect  
but a morning  
prime like flowers.* It appears like this flower, at Sun rise with glittering and pomp ; but at noon its vivacity and lustre begins to fade ; and at the end of the day it vanisheth away with it, and scarce its being is remembred.

We read, in *Apianus*, of *Pompey*, that after he had triumphed over three parts of the world, he carried nothing away with him to the grave, but these words, *Hic sumps est magnus Pompeius, Pompey is bere buried with all his Pomp.*

O World, how poor art thou, since thou hast but such a thing of nought to give ? O Fortune, how miserable art thou, when thy favourites are exposed to publick view, as objects of compassion ? Let him trust in them who will, a man shall never be able to escape their trumperies, but by despising their favours.

*Here lies Hannibal : Behold all the honour, which posterity rendred to the memory*

mory of so great a Captain. And Time, even jealous of the glory Time is as inexorable as Death, and able to bury it in the depths of the abysses of Oblivion, hath any. of his name, though not ble as Death, and able to bury it in the depths of the abysses of Oblivion, hath any. yet devoured the very marble of his Sepulcher.

Are not these things truths worthy to raise astonishment?

'Tis remarked in *Suetonius*, of one of the Roman Emperours, that being now at last gafp, and, as it were, at a bay with Death, he cryed out in excess of astonishment; *Fui omnia, sed nihil expedit: I have been all in all, but now it nothing helpeth me, I have tasted all the pleasures of all the greatness of the world, but the sweets are changed into sours, and only their bitter disgust stayes with me.*

Experiment all the delights of the Earth, Great Kings, the distast will ever at last only remain to your mouths, and sorrows to your hearts; and if these do no good on you, a thousand eternal punishments will possess your souls. Represent to your selves, that all the felicities of Life, are of the same nature as *that* is; *Contentments cause that decays every moment, and they flit away as extreme discontentments.* The con-

sentments which men receive here below, are like the pleasures of the Chace, which are only relished running. *I draw to an end.*

*Belon* in his *Monuments of the Kings of Ægypt*, sayes, that *they were Enterred with such a splendour of Pomp and Magnificence, that even those who had diverse times before been admirers of it, were for all that often in doubt, whether the people went to place the corps in the Throne again, rather than in their Sepulcher.* O how ill to the eyes is the lustre of this sad kind of honour! For if vanity be insupportable barely of it self, these excesses of it put the spirits upon the rack.

*Diodorus Siculus*, speaking of the Tomb which *Alexander* caused to be erected, for his favourite *Epbestion*, assures that the magnificences, which were there to be admired, were beyond as well all value, as example. *Marble, Brass, Gold, and Pearl*, were profusely offered to most cunning Artisans, to frame thereof such works wherein *sadness and compassion*, might be so naturally represented, that they might affect the whole world with the like. *Diamonds, Rubies, and all other precious Stones*, were there employed, under the Image of a *Sun, Moon, and Stars.*

*A man should never be angry with his hard fates; the decrees on't are inviolable.*

Stars. It seems this *Monarch*, blinded with Love, thought to hold the *Planets* captive in the glorious enchainments of those fair Master-pieces, as if he would revenge himself of them for their malign influences, which they had powred upon the head of his dear *Ephestion*. But this conceit was vain, for the same *Stars*, whose captivity he ostended upon this *Tomb*, conducted him also by little and little to his grave.

The *Romans* transported with passion, to honour the memory of the *Dictator Sylla*, caused his statue to be framed of a prodigious height, all composed of perfumes, and cast it into the *Funeral pile*, where his body, whereof this was also but a shadow, was to be burnt to ashes : Being desirous by this action, to give to understand, that as the odour of his *statue* dispersit it self through all the City of *Rome*, the much more odoriferous savour of his peculiar vertues, would spread it self through all the world. But to go to the *rigour* of the *literal* *sence*, it is credible, they had not cast in this aromatical *statue* into the *stack*, but only to temper the excess of the stench of the body, which was to be consumed with it. And I proceed to imagine beside, that the odour of this *statue*, the cinders of his body, and all the Glory of

the actions of *Sylla*, had all the same fate; since the wind triumph'd over them altogether. *Behold the reverse of the Medal of Valour!*

'Tis remark'd in the life of the Emperour *Severus*, by the report of *DION*, that he made to be set at the gate of his Palace an *Urn* of Marble, and as oft as he went in or out, he was accustomed to say, laying his hand on it; *Behold the Case that shall enclose him, whom all the world could not contain!*

*Great Kings,* Have often the same thoughts in your souls, if you have not the like discourses in your mouths, *The smallest vessel of earth is too great for the ashes of your bodies, which shall remain of them, after the worms have well fed on them:* for the wretchedness of your humane condition reduceth you at last to so small a thing, that you are *nothing at all*. But if I must give a name to those grains of corrupted dust, which are made of your deplorable remains,

*Men onely is consider-  
able in respect of his  
noble actions.* I shall call them the *Idea's* of a dream, since the memory of your being can

pass for no other together with the time. *Behold a fresh subject of Entertain-*

Some of our Ethnick Historiahs report to us, that the *Troglo-dites* buried their kin-dred

dred and friends, with the tone of joyfull cryes, and acclamations of mirth.

The *Lothophagi* cast them into the Sea, choosing rather to have them eaten of fishes in the water, than of worms in the earth.

The *Seythians* did eat the bodies of their friends, in sign of amity, insomuch that the living were the Sepulcher of the dead. The *Hircanians* cast the bodies of their kindred to the Doggs. The *Messagetes* exposed them as a prey to all manner of ravenous beasts.

The *Lydians* dried them in the Sun, and after reduced them to powders, to the end the wind might carry them away.

Amongst all the customes, which were practised amongst these strange Nations, I find none more commendable than the first, of the *Troglodites*: looking for no hell, they had good reason to celebrate the funeral of their friends and kindred, with laughter and acclamations of cheerfulness, rather than with tears, and lamentations.

For, though that *Life* be granted us by divine favour, yet we enjoy it but as a punishment, since it is no other than a continual correction to die than to live, if we consider the *recompence of offences*. Besides, the *accidents* which accompany it inseparably, even to the end, for which man was created.

the grave, are so numerous, that a man may justly be very glad at the end of his journey,

*The body of Man being  
made of earth, is sub-  
ject to earth; but the  
soul holds only of its  
sovereign Creator.*

to see himself discharged of so ponderous a burthen.

Not that I here condemn the tears, which we are

accustomed to shed, at the death of our nearest friends, for these are resentments of grief, whereof Nature authorizeth the first violences. But neither do I blame the vertue of those spirits, who never discover alteration upon any encounter of the mishaps and miseries of the world, how extream soever they be. And what disaster is it to see dye, either our kindred or friends, since all

the world together, and Nature it self, can do nothing less? What reason then can a man have to call himself miserable, for being destinat<sup>ed</sup> to cele-

brate the funerals of those, whom he loves best, since the Divine Providence hath soveraignly established this Order, and since moreover in this career of Death, to which all the world speeds, the Present on't, being not distinguish'd but by Time, it will appear when all is come to the upshot, that one hath lived as long as another, since all ages though

*The living are more to  
be bemoned than the  
dead, they being still in  
the mid<sup>st</sup> of this life's  
tempest, but these are  
already arrived to their  
Fort.*

though different during their continuance, are equall then, when they are past. Change we the discourse.

I advow once again, There is no remedy more soveraign to cure the passion of arrogancy, than this of the consideration of Cœmiteries, and Tombs. The most vain-glorious and ambitious are forced to yield themselves at the assaults of these sad objects. For a spirit never so brave and valourous, cannot but be astonish'd, when he sees at his feet the bones and dust of an infinite number of persons,

*To what purpose is courage against those perils, which cannot be avoided.*

who were as valiant as he; what thoughts can he have but of *submission*, and *humility*, considering that one part of himself is already reduced into dust and filth? I say a part of himself, since he himself is but a piece of the same matter, which now serves him for object, and to the same last point will be extended one day the line of his life.

When *Virgil* tells us of the fate of *Priam*, he brings in *Aeneas*, astonish'd at it, that so great a Monarch should leave to posterity no other Monu-

*Æneid.* lib. 2. *Jacet ingens litore truncus Avulsumque humeris caput, & sine nomine corpus.*

ment of his greatness, but a *Trunk of flesh*, a *head separated from the shoulders, and a carcass without name or shame.*

*Great*

*Great Kings, This Truth is a Mirrour*

*He whibb makes him-  
self rightly sensible of  
his miseries, is partly  
in way to be exempted  
from their tyranny.* *which flatters not.* Gaze  
here often in these medi-  
tations, and you will sure-  
ly at length consider, that

*All is full of vanity, and that this glory of the world, whereof you are so strongly Idola-  
ters, is but a Phantasie, and Chimera, to  
which your imaginations give that beauty  
which charms you, and that delicacy, which  
ravishes you. What think you is it, to be  
the greatest of the world? 'Tis an honour  
whereof misery and inconstancy are the  
foundations, for all the felicities which can  
arrive us, are of the same nature as we are,  
and consequently, are miserable as our con-  
dition, and as changing. This Earth where-  
on you live, is the *lodging* of the dead, What  
*Eternity* believe you to find in it? *Eternity*  
of honours, riches, and contentments? There  
was never any but in imagination, and this  
*Idea*, which we have of them, is but a re-  
flection from the lightning of Truth, where-  
with Heaven illuminates *noble souls*, thus to*

*There is nothing eter-  
nal in this world, but  
this scope of truth.* guide them to the search  
of the true source of all, by  
the aid of those small ri-  
vulets.

*It is time to finish this part* so mean  
I have made appear to you in the first  
Chapter,

Chapter, the particular study which a man ought to take, to come to the \* Knowledge of himself, wherein lies the accomplishment of perfection, And herein the pre-cept is, *The Consideration*

Seneca.

\* *Hoc jubet illa Pythicus oraculis adscripta vox.*

*Nosce te ipsum.*

of the miseries, which are destinat'd to our Nature, as being so many objects capable enough to force up the power of our reason, to give credence to the resentments of frailty, which are proper to us. But this is not all, to be meerly sensible of our wretchedness. Serious Consideration must often renew the Idea's of them in our souls, more than the hard experience of them. And this to the end, that vanity, to which we are too incident, may not surprize us, during the intervals of a meditation, so important.

*He that searches into himself, shall not lose his labour.*

We must often dive into our selves, and seek in the truth of our nothingness, some light to make us thus to know our selves. Afterwards making a rise a little higher, it is necessary to consider the End, for which we were created, and in this consideration to employ all the powers of the several faculties of our souls, to the generous design of getting possession of that Glory. Behold the Corollary of my first Argument or Chapter.

*The*

*The second instructs us a new means, to resist powerfully the hits of the vanities of the world, from the example of the wretchedness of \*one of the greatest Monarchs of the world.*

\* *Saladine.*

*edness of \*one of the greatest Monarchs of the world.*

*Fortune had refused him nothing, because she meant to take all from him, for in the height of his glory he finds himself reduced*

*Poverty and Riches depend upon opinion, and a noble soul is above his fortune in what condition soever he be.*

*to the poorness of his shirt only, which is all he carries with him into the grave.*

*And this makes us*

*sensibly perceive that the greatnesses of the Earth are Goods, as good as estranged from humane nature, since in this mortal and perishing condition we can only possess their usance, and the term of this possession is of so short endurance that we see as soon the end as the beginning. Reader, represent unto thy self, how thou shalt be dealt with at thy death, both by Fortune and the World, since the Minion of this blind Goddess, and the greatest*

*Et quis veneraris, & quis despicias, unus ex quibus cinis. Sen.*

*of the Universe is exposed*

*all naked in his shirt in sight of all his subjects,*

*to be given in prey to the worms, as well as the most miserable of the Earth.*

*The horrour of Death, is purely in the weakness of imagination.*

*The Third Chapter, where Life leads Death in*

*Triumph,*

Triumph, teaches us the Art to vanquish this Untameable, by considering its weakness: for in effect, if Death be but a privation, 'tis to be deprived of reason and judgment, to give it a being, since it cannot subsist but in our impaired imaginations. The fantasm of an *Idea* is it, whose very form is immaterial, as having no other subsistence, I say, but that which the weakness of our spirit gives it. And again, to come to the most important point; Let this be the close of the recapitulation, that you may have means not to stand in fear on't; \* *Muse on it alwayes, look for it in all places, and overcoming your selves, you shall triumph over it. Never did an unblemish'd life fear Death.*

Seneca.

\* *Incertum est, quo te loco mors expectet; itaque tu illam omni loco expecta.*

The last Chapter, where the object of Cæmiteries, and Sepulchers, is laid before your eyes, may now again serve for the last touch, since it is a Theatre, where you must play the *Tragedy* of your *lives*. All this great number of *Actors*, whose bones and ashes you see there, have every one plaid their *part*, and it may be, that the hour will soon *Knell*, that you must act *yours*. Reader, live ever in this providence:

*Hodie mihi Cras tibi.  
Think on that Reader;  
it may be thy turn to  
morrow.*

providence: *A Man cannot too soon resolve to do that well, which howsoever must be done of necessity.* God grant, that these last lines may once again reproach thee, the bad estate of thy *Conscience*; delay not too long this *Check* to thy self, lest too late the *regrets* be then in vain. *Thy salvation is fastened to Momentum est unde an instant: consider the impendet aternitas.* infinite number of them, which are already slipt away, when perhaps at that *moment*, thou wert in a state (if dying) to incur the punishment of a *second Desir*, and that *eternal*. If thou trust to thy *youth*, put thy head out of the *window*, and thou shalt see carried to the *grave* some not *so old* as thy self. If thou relie upon thy *bealib*, which thou now enjoyest, 'tis but a *false-going dyal*. *The calm of a perfect health, bath oftentimes ushered the Tempest of a sudden Death.*

*Sæpe optimus status corporis periculosisimus.* *Hip.* *Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie.*

What hopest thou for? hope is *deceitfull*; what

stayest thou for? *A wise man ought never to defer till to morrow, what should be done to day.* Lastly, what desirest thou? *The peace of conscience is the only desirable good.* Go on then right forward, thou canst not miss the way which I have chalk'd thee.

# PERLECTORI,

## The Translators Corollary.

So, Now 'tis done, although it be no Task  
That did much Brains, or toylsome Study ask :  
The Meaning I vouch good, but Merit small,  
In rendering English, the French Principal :  
It is but a Translation I confess,  
And yet the Rubs of Death isn't uretheless  
May tripp some capering Fancies of the Time,  
That Domineer, and Swagger it in Rime,  
That Charge upon the Reader, and give Fire  
On all, that do not (as they do) admire  
Either their rugged Satyrs cruel vein,  
Or puff-paste Notes 'bove Ela in high strain :  
Then in prevention quarrel like a curſe  
Scold, who being guilty, yet will call Whore firſt.  
When any dyes whose Muse was rich in Verse,  
They claim Succession, and prophane his Herſe,  
They only are Heirs of his Brain-eſtate,  
Others are base, and illegitimate.  
All but their own Abettors they defie,  
And lord it in their Wits Supremacie.  
Others they say but Sculk, as lyeth lurch  
As we hold Schismaticks from the true Church,  
So hold they all that do decline their way,  
Nor swear by Heaven, All's excellent they say :  
'Twere well they'd ſee the fing'ring on these frets,  
Can neither ſave their Souls, nor pay their Debts.  
Or would they think of Death as they ſhould do,  
They would live better and more honour'd too.  
'Tis base to do base deeds, yet for falſe fame,  
To keep a stir, and buſtle into Name :

Whiſt

Whilst each applauds his own, contemns another,  
 Secons his own deserts, but his he smothers.  
 They fear Fame's out of breath, and therefore they,  
 Trumpet their own praises in their own way.  
 Or joyn in Trick of State Confederacie,  
 Call Quid pro Quo, Claw me, and I'le Claw thee.  
 Marry, at others (Tooth and Nail) they fly,  
 That do not tread their Path, but would go by.  
 Farewell to these, my aim not here infests,  
 Leave we these wranglers unto equall lists.  
 To Nobler Natures I my brest expose,  
 The Good I bow to, in an humble Close :  
 To such as knowing how vain this Life is,  
 Exalt their thoughts to one better than This.  
 'Tis the best Method to be out of Love  
 With things below, and thence to soar above.  
 To which effect my souls integrity,  
 In L'envoy thus salutes each courteous eye.

---

L'envoy.

Ingenuous Reader, thou do'st crown  
 The Moral active course laid down,  
 By *De la Serre*, what is pen'd,  
 If thy actions recommend.

---

Relating to the first *EMBLEME*.

When haughty thoughts impuff thee, than  
 Dictate thy self, Thou art but Man,  
 A fabrick of commixed Dust,  
 That's all the prop of humane trust.

How,

How dares a Clod of mouldring *Clay*  
Be proud, decaying every day?  
And yet there is a way beside,  
Wherein may be a lawfull *Pride*.  
When fly *Temptations* stir thee, Than,  
Again the World, *Thou art a Man*.  
Rouze up thy *Spirits*, do not yield,  
A brave resistance wins the *Field*:  
Shall a soul of *Heavenly* breath,  
Grovel so far, its worth beneath:  
Fouly to be pollute with slime,  
Of any base and shameful crime?  
Thou art a *Man*, for *Heaven* born.  
Reflect on *Earth* disdainful scorn,  
Be not abus'd, since *Life* is *short*,  
Squander it not away in sport:  
Nor hazard heavens *Eternal Joyes*,  
For a small spurt of worldly *Toyes*.  
Do *Something* ere thou do bequeath  
To *Worms* thy flesh, to *Air* thy breath;  
*Something*, that may, when thou art dead,  
With *honour* of thy name be *read*;  
*Something* that may, when thou art cold,  
Shew frozen *Spirits*, when 'tis told;  
*Something* that may the grave controul,  
And shew thou hadst a *noble Soul*.  
Do *something* to advance thy *bliss*  
Both in the other *World*, and *This*.

---

Relating to the second *EMBLEME*.

W Ere both the *Indies* treasures Thine,  
And thou *Lord* of every *Mine*;  
Or hadst thou all the golden *Ore*,  
On *Tagus* or *Pactolus* *Shore*;

And

And were thy Cabinet the *Shrine*  
 Where thousand Pearls and Diamonds shine,  
 All must be left, and thou allow'd,  
 A little linnen for thy *Shrowd*.  
 Or if 'twere so thy Testament,  
 Perhaps a goodly Monument.  
 What better is a golden *Chase*,  
 Or *Marble*, than a *Charnel* place?  
*Charon* hence no advantage makes,  
 A half penny a soul he takes,  
 Thy heirs will leave thee but a *Shirt*,  
 Enough to hide thy rotten *Dirt*.  
 Then, be not Greedy of much pelf,  
*He that gets all, may lose himself.*  
 And Riches are of this *Dilemme*,  
 Or they leave us, or we must them.  
 Death brings to Misers double wo,  
 They lose their *Cash*, and their Souls too.  
 Change then thy scope to heavenly gains,  
 That wealth eternally remains.

---

### Relatory to the third E M B L E M E.

**B**E not curious to amaze  
 With glitt'ring pomp the *Vulgar* gaze,  
 Strive not to cheat with vain delight,  
 Those that are *catcht* with each brave light.  
 How soon will any gawdy show,  
 Make their *low* Spirits overflow,  
 Whose Souls are ready to *sun* o're  
 At any *Toy* ne're seen before?  
 Rather thy *better* thought apply,  
 For to address thy self to dye.

Be ne're so glorious, after all  
Thy latest pomp's thy *Funeral*.  
Shall a dress of *Tyrian Dye*,  
Or *Venice gold Embroydery*,  
Or new-fash' on varied *Vest*,  
Tympanize thy out-strutting brest?  
There's none of these will hold thee tack,  
But thy last colour shall be *Black*.  
Be not deceiv'd *There comes a Day*,  
Will *sweep thy Glories all away*.  
Mean while, the thought on't may abate  
Th' *Excesses* of thy present state.  
Death never can that *Man surprize*  
That *watches for't with wary Eyes*.  
Do so: And thou shalt make thereby  
*A Virtue of necessity*;  
And when thy *Dying-day is come*,  
Go like a man that's walking home.  
*Heav'n Guard thee with Angelick pow'r*  
To be prepared for *that hour*.  
When ev'ry *Soul* shall feel what 'tis  
To have liv'd *Well*, or done *Amiss*.

---

Relating to the fourth *EMBLEME*.

**L**et not the *Splendour* of high *Birth*  
Be all thy *Gloss* without true worth.  
Let neither *honour*, nor vast *wealth*,  
*Beauty*, nor *Valour*, nor firm *health*  
Make thee bear up too high thy head,  
All men alike are buried.  
Stare not with *Supercilious brow*,  
Poor folks are *Dust*, and so art *Thou*.  
Triumph not in thy *worldly Odds*,  
*They dye like men whom we counts Gods*,

And

And in the *Grave* it is all one,  
 Who enjoy'd all, or who had none.  
 Death cuts off all superfluous,  
 And makes the proudest *One of us*.  
 Nor shall there *difference* then between  
 The dust of *Lords*, or *slaves*, be seen,  
 Together under ground they lye  
 Without distin&itive Heraldry ;  
 Unless it be that some brave *Tomb*,  
 Do grace the *Great ones* in Earths womb.  
 But better 'tis that *Heaven's* door,  
 Is oft'nest open to the poor ;  
 When those, whose backs and sides with *sin*  
 Are bunch'd and swoln, can't get in.  
 Beware the Bulk of thy *Estate*  
 Shock thee from entrance in that *Gate*.  
 Give Earth to Earth : but give thy *Mind*  
 To Heaven, where its seat's assign'd,  
 If, as it came from that bright *Sphere*,  
 Thither thou tend, not fix it here.  
*Live*, that thy *Soul* may *white* return,  
 Leaving its *Partner* in the *Urn*,  
 Till a blest day shall re-unite,  
 And beam them with *Eternal Light*.

*Ainsi Souhaite*

Vostre tres-humble Serviteur

*THOMAS CART.*

THE END.

ur

Opt  
tha

Q

LIMI



*O that they were Wise, that they understood This,  
that they would Consider their latter End ! Deut. 32:29.*

— MORS sola fatetur.  
Quantr a sicut hominum corpuscula. — Iuvenal:

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to



PHILIP King of MACEDON comānded one of his Page  
to Awake him euery Morning, & Call aloud to him  
SIR Remember that You are a MAN.



Victorious SALADINE caus'd to be Proclaim'd to all his  
Armie that he carried nothing with him to the  
Graue but a SHIRT after all his Conquests .



is



*ADRIAN Emperour of Rome Celebrates  
himself his Funeralls, and causes his Coffin  
to be carried in Triumph before him.*

ates  
offin  
e.

Alex  
Sepu  
That



Alexander, and Diogenes discoursing among the  
Sepulchers of the Dead, the Cynick tells the King,  
That in the Graue, Monarchs and Meaner Men  
are all alike.